jodorowsky - mœbius

THE INCAL

#1: THE BLACK INCAL

HUMANOIDS

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JODOROWSKY MŒBIUS

THE BLACK INCAL

HUMANOIDS

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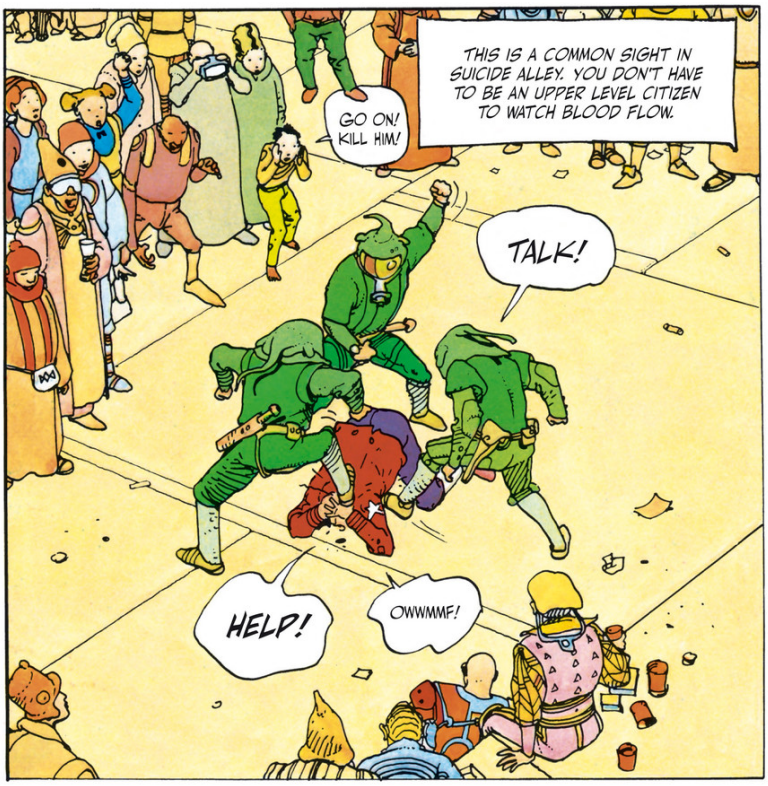
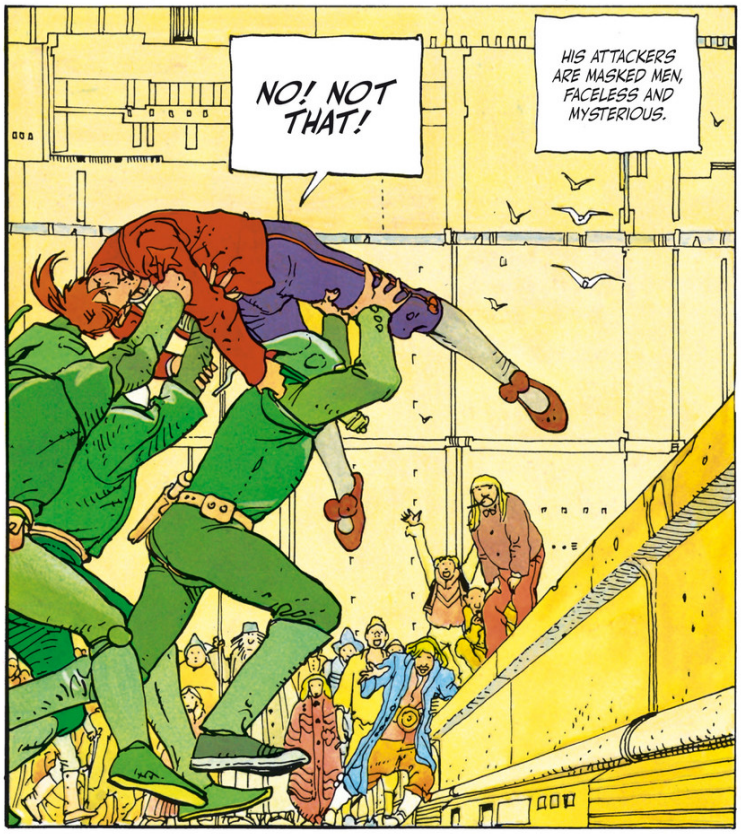
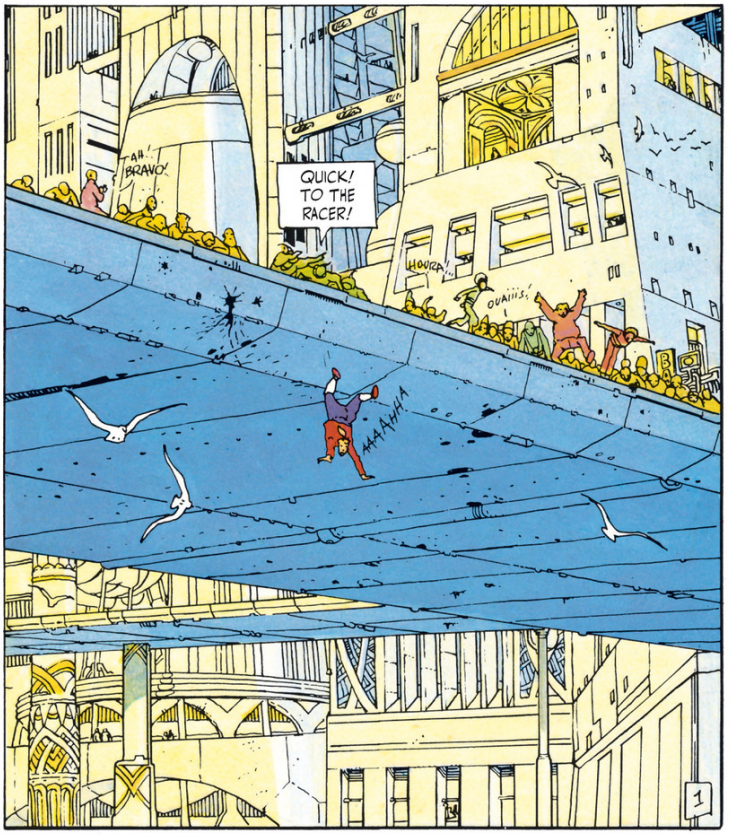
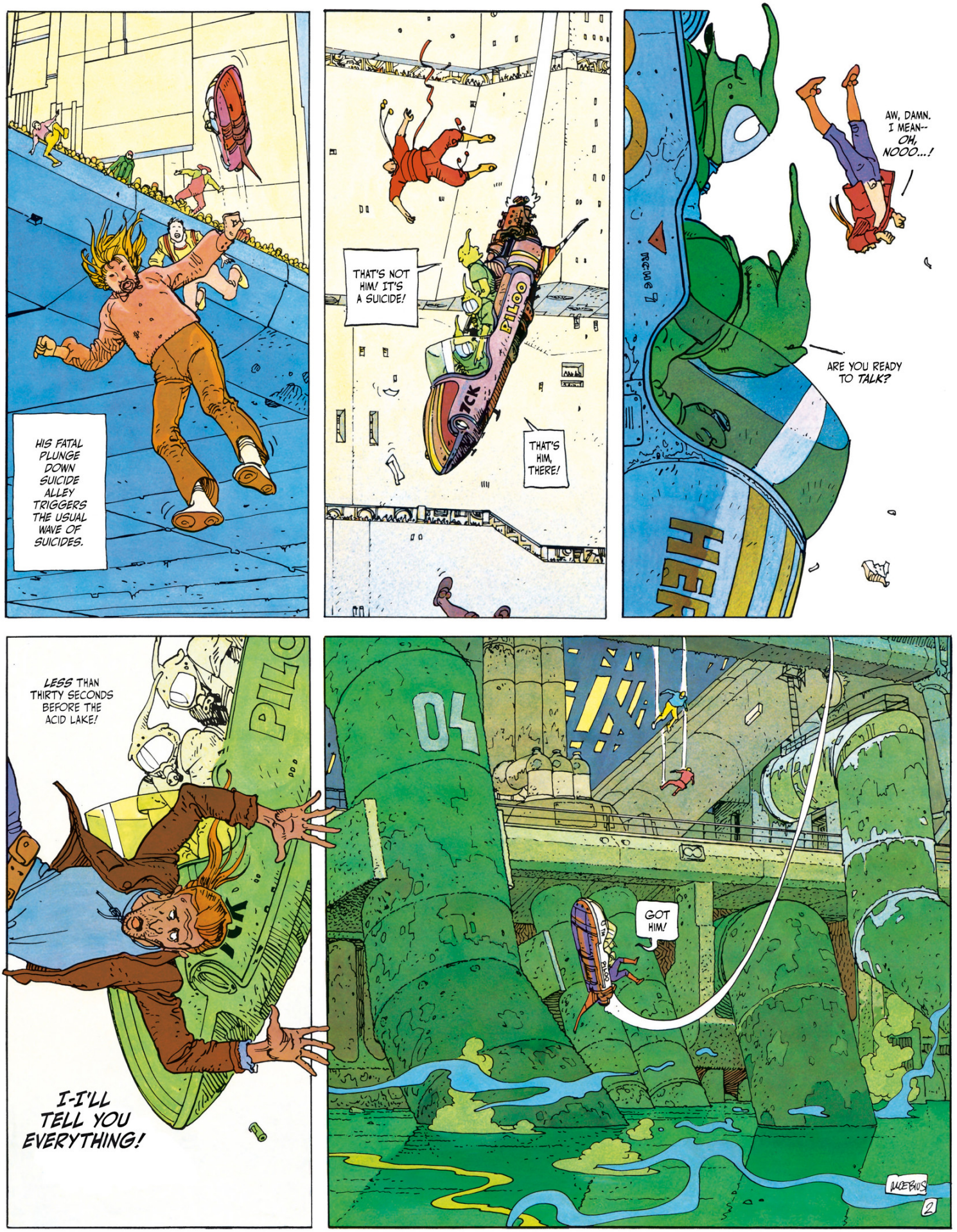
NIGHT AT THE RED RING

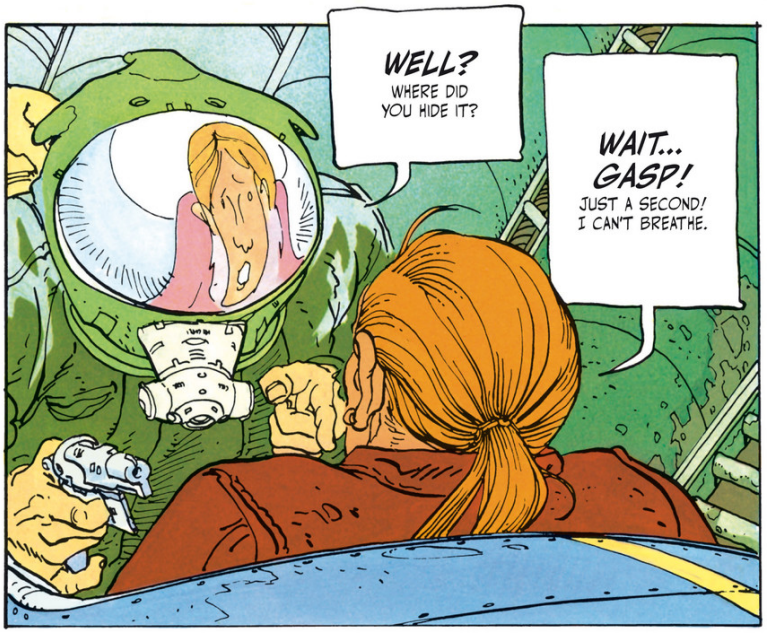

THIS IS A COMMON SIGHT IN SUICIDE ALLEY. YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AN UPPER LEVEL CITIZEN TO WATCH BLOOD FLOW.
GO ON! KILL HIM!
TALK!
HELP!
OWWMMF!

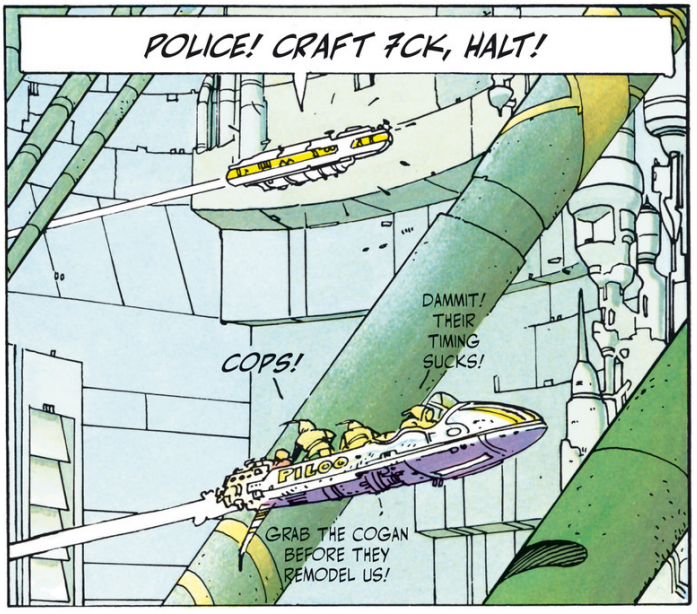


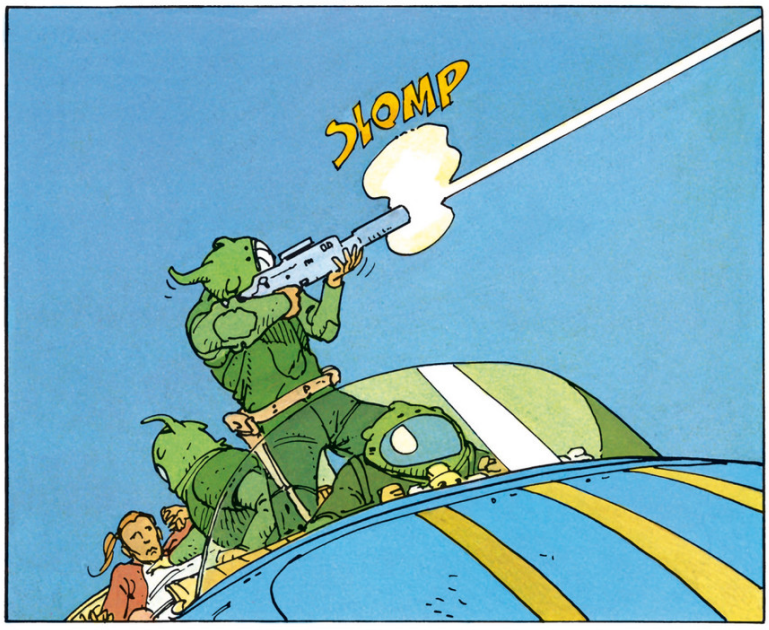


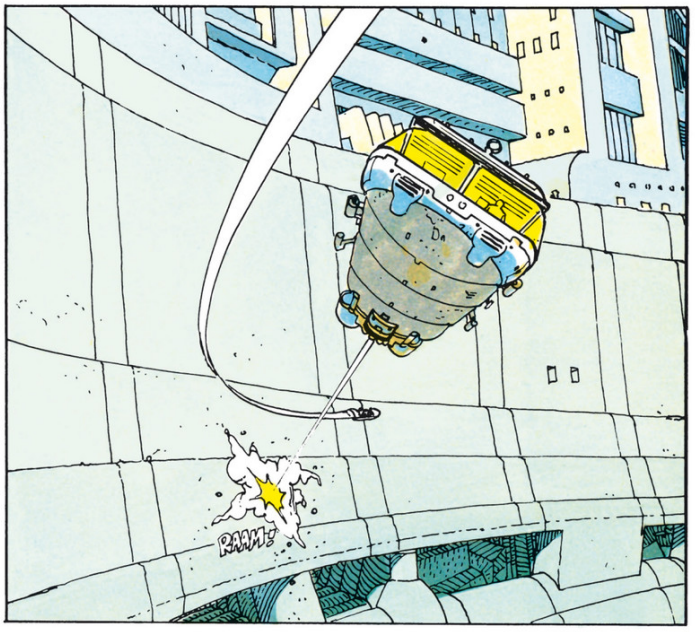
SUICIDE ALLEY, IT'S A DIRECT NONSTOP FALL STRAIGHT DOWN TO THE GREAT ACID LAKE, WHICH DISSOLVES EVERYTHING IT TOUCHES.
WHOOA! THERE'LL BE MORE!
LOOK! A SUICIDE!
BEEN A LONG TIME...
42
AARGHHHHH
KOSKICH! GET ME MY WEAPON! GOTTA BAG ME A FALLING ONE!
GET OUT YOUR GUNS!
IBIS

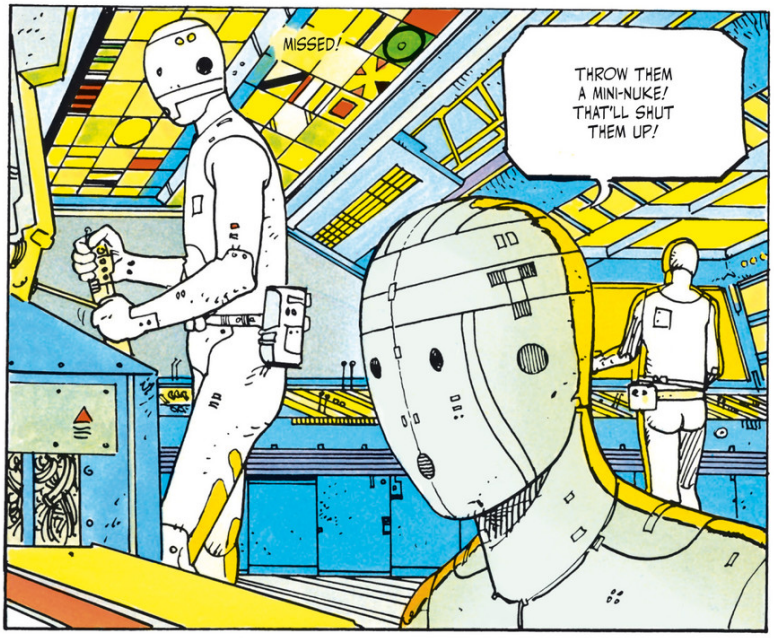

HIS FATAL PLUNGE DOWN SUICIDE ALLEY TRIGGERS THE USUAL WAVE OF SUICIDES.
THAT'S NOT HIM! IT'S A SUICIDE!
THAT'S HIM, THERE!
AW, DAMN. I MEAN-- OH, NOOO...!
ARE YOU READY TO TALK?
LESS THAN THIRTY SECONDS BEFORE THE ACID LAKE!
I-I'LL TELL YOU EVERYTHING!
GOT HIM!
MOEBIUS
2

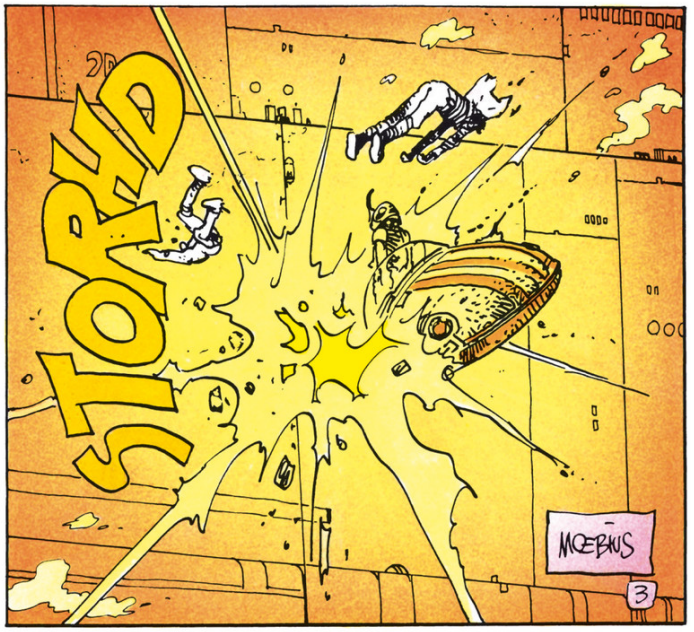

WELL?
WHERE DID YOU HIDE IT?
WAIT... GASP!
JUST A SECOND! I CAN'T BREATHE.

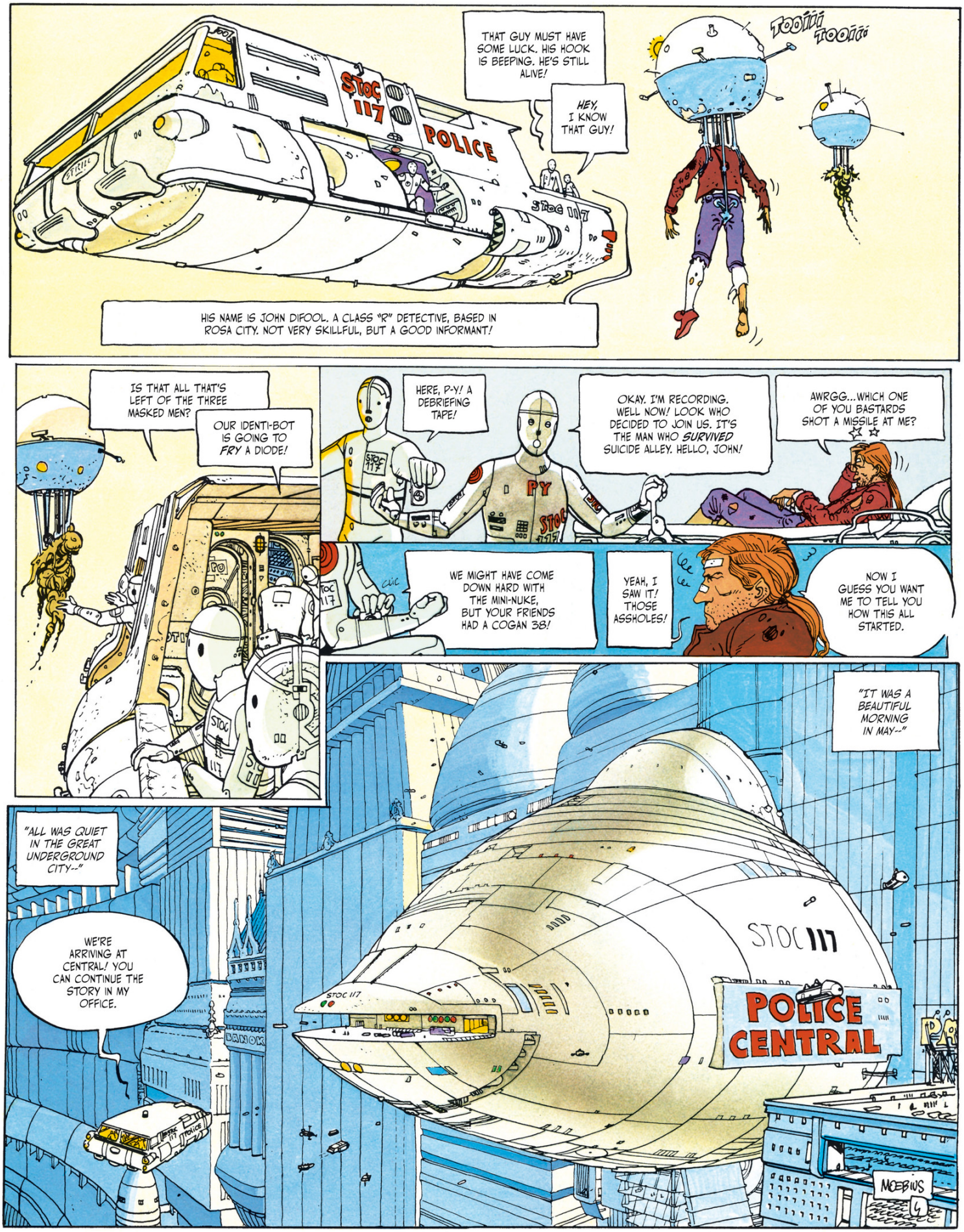

POLICE! CRAFT 7CK, HALT!
COPS!
DAMMIT! THEIR TIMING SUCKS!
PILOT
GRAB THE COGAN BEFORE THEY REMODEL US!

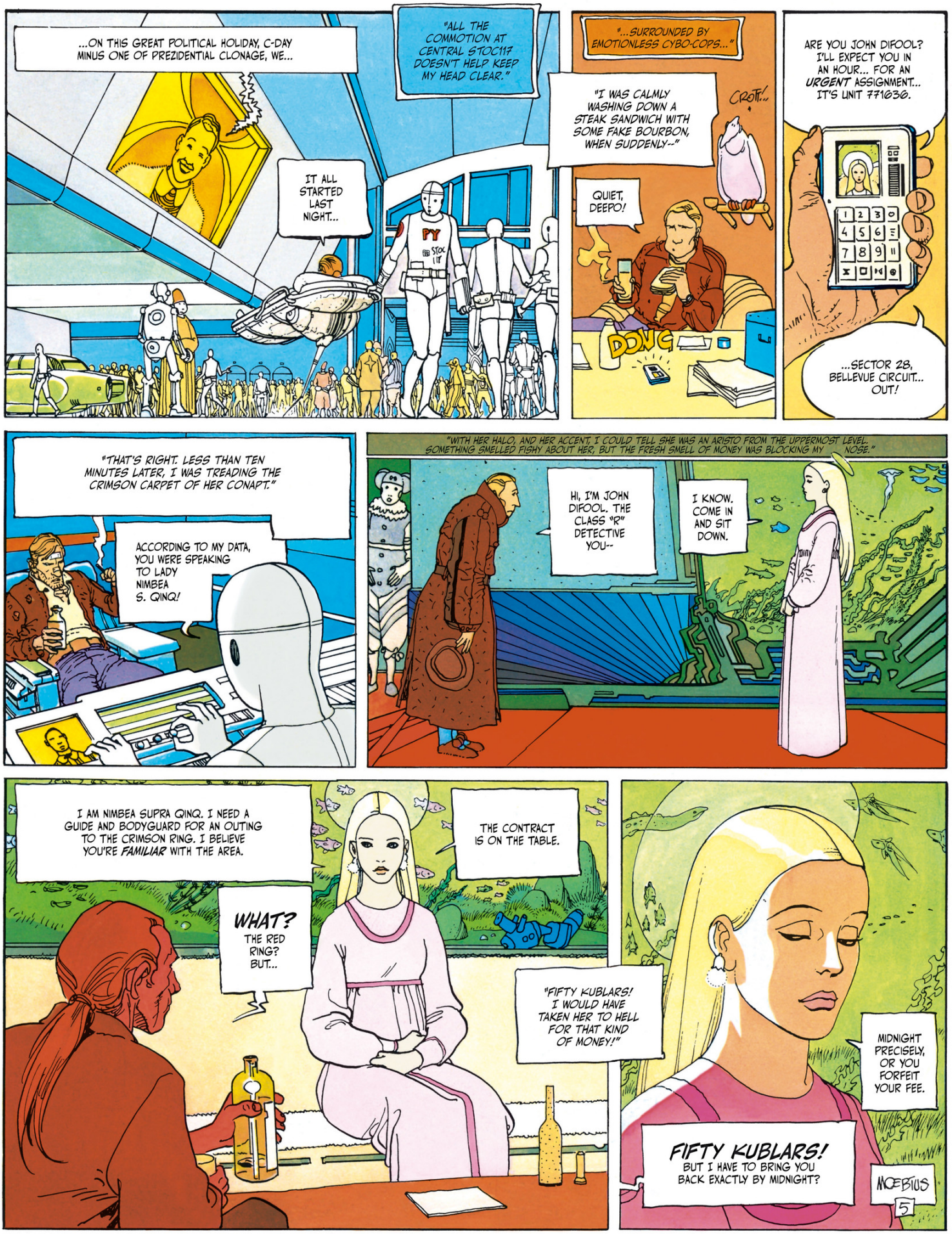

SLOMP

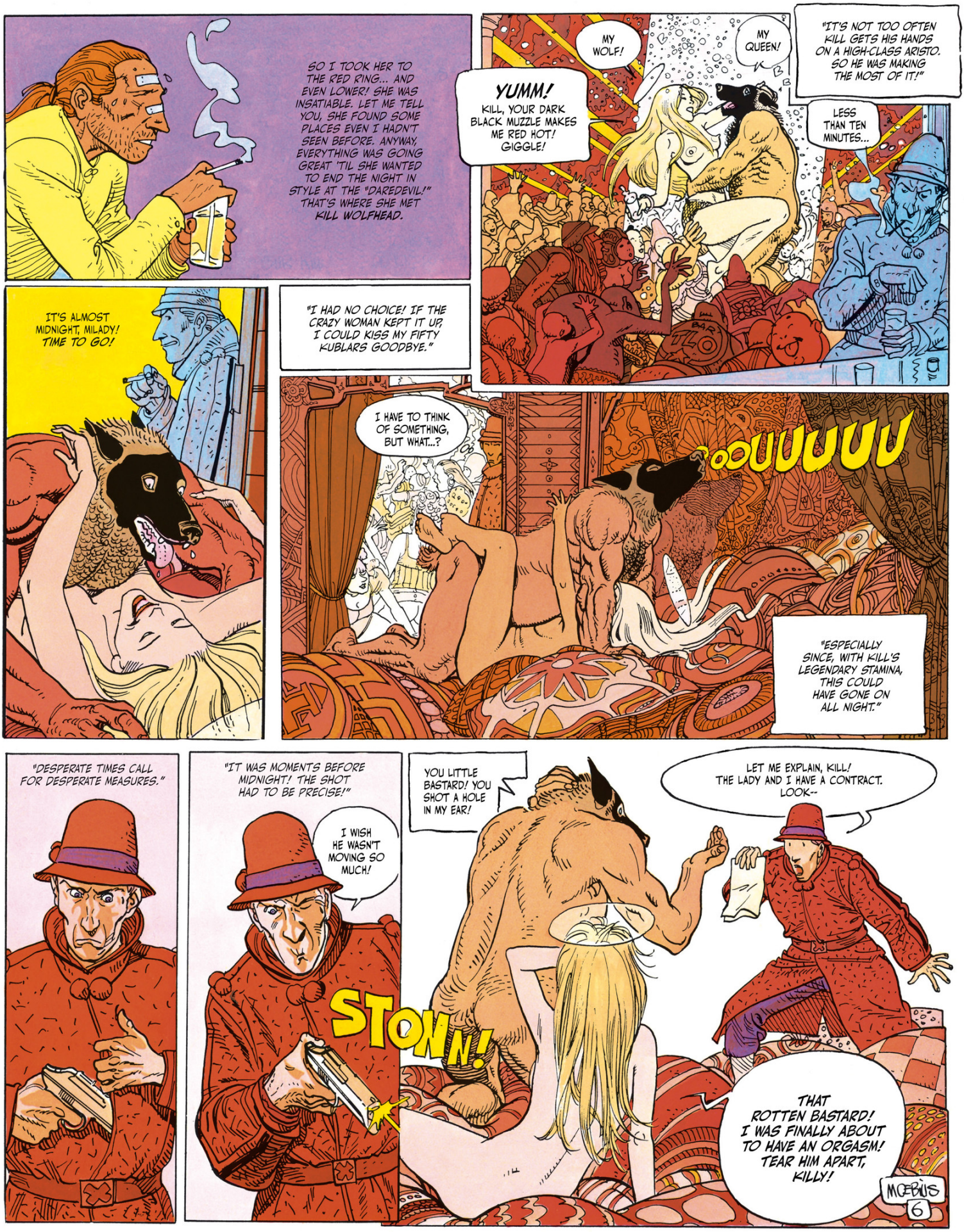

RAMM!

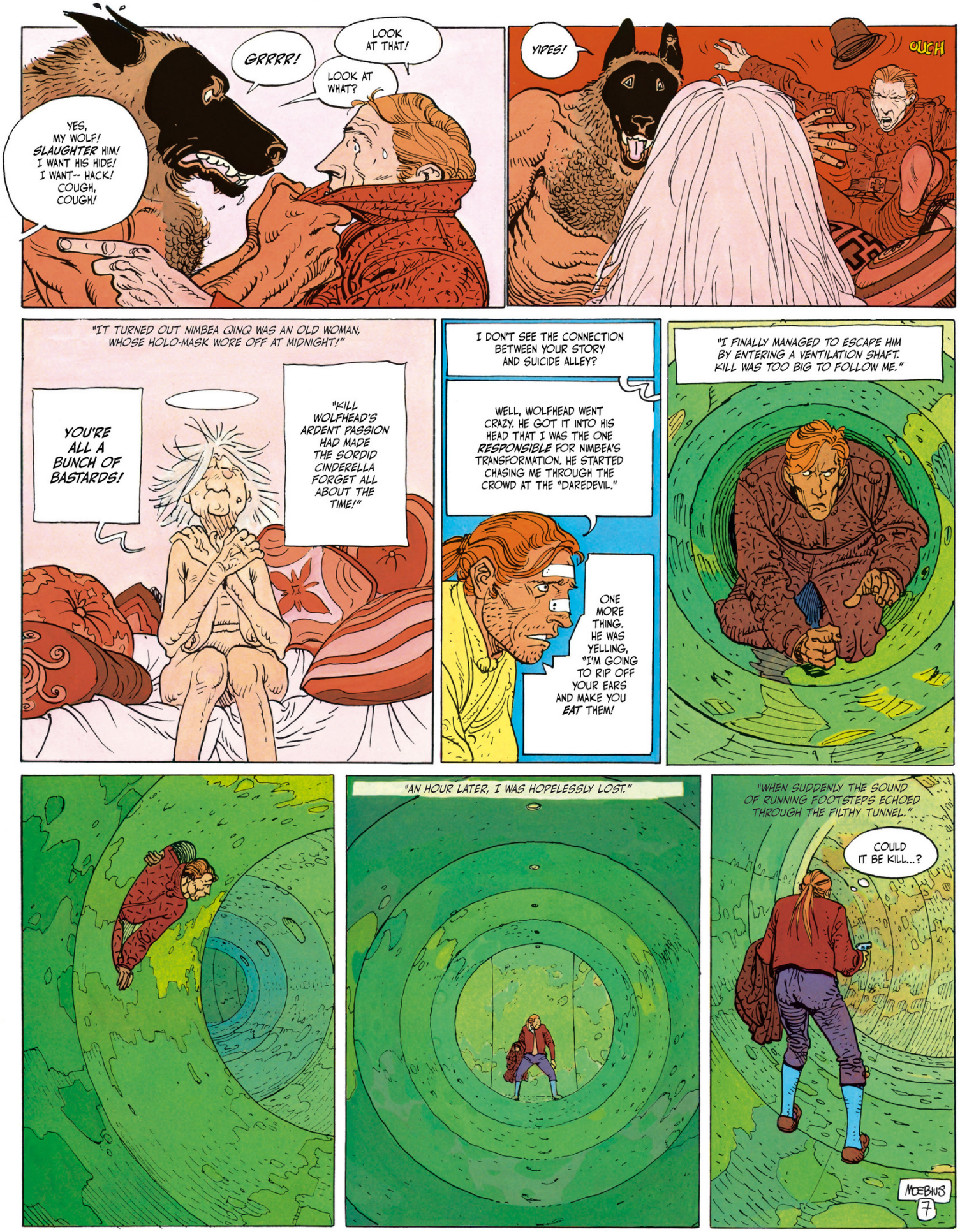

MISSED!
THROW THEM A MINI-NUKE! THAT'LL SHUT THEM UP!

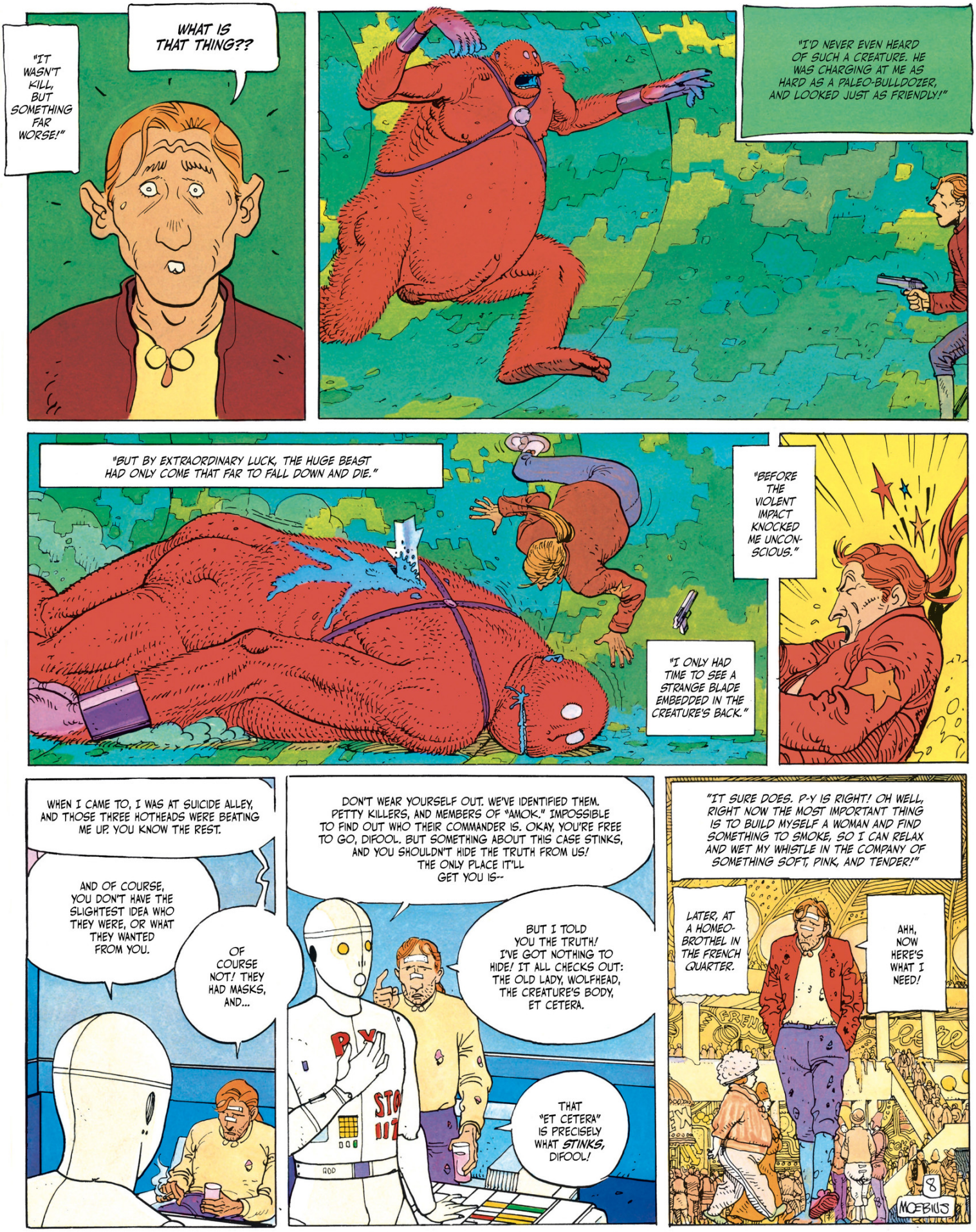

STORK
MŒBIUS
3


STOC 117
POLICE
THAT GUY MUST HAVE SOME LUCK. HIS HOOK IS BEEPING. HE'S STILL ALIVE!
HEY, I KNOW THAT GUY!
TOOTIT TOOTIT
HIS NAME IS JOHN DIFOOL. A CLASS "R" DETECTIVE, BASED IN ROSA CITY. NOT VERY SKILLFUL, BUT A GOOD INFORMANT!
IS THAT ALL THAT'S LEFT OF THE THREE MASKED MEN?
OUR IDENTI-BOT IS GOING TO FRY A DIODE!
HERE, P-Y! A DEBRIEFING TAPE!
OKAY. I'M RECORDING. WELL NOW! LOOK WHO DECIDED TO JOIN US. IT'S THE MAN WHO SURVIVED SUICIDE ALLEY. HELLO, JOHN!
AWRGG...WHICH ONE OF YOU BASTARDS SHOT A MISSILE AT ME?
CLIC
WE MIGHT HAVE COME DOWN HARD WITH THE MINI-NUKE, BUT YOUR FRIENDS HAD A COGAN 38!
YEAH, I SAW IT! THOSE ASSHOLES!
NOW I GUESS YOU WANT ME TO TELL YOU HOW THIS ALL STARTED.
"IT WAS A BEAUTIFUL MORNING IN MAY--"
"ALL WAS QUIET IN THE GREAT UNDERGROUND CITY--"
WE'RE ARRIVING AT CENTRAL! YOU CAN CONTINUE THE STORY IN MY OFFICE.
STOC 117
POLICE CENTRAL
MOEBIUS

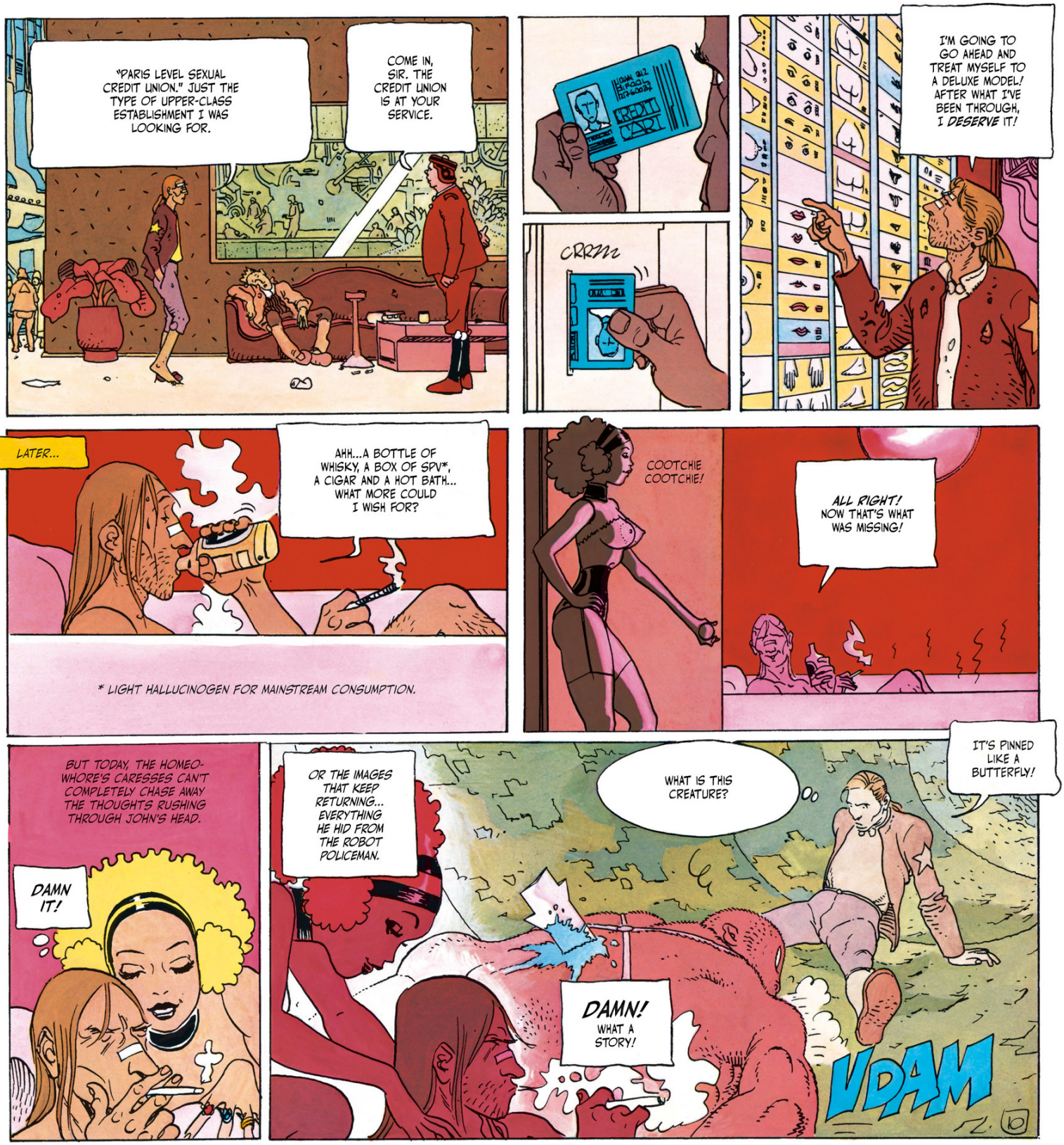

...ON THIS GREAT POLITICAL HOLIDAY, C-DAY MINUS ONE OF PREZIDENTIAL CLONAGE, WE...
"ALL THE COMMOTION AT CENTRAL STOC117 DOESN'T HELP KEEP MY HEAD CLEAR."
IT ALL STARTED LAST NIGHT...
"...SURROUNDED BY EMOTIONLESS CYBO-COPS..."
"I WAS CALMLY WASHING DOWN A STEAK SANDWICH WITH SOME FAKE BOURBON, WHEN SUDDENLY--"
CROTT!..
QUIET, DEEPO!
DONG
ARE YOU JOHN DIFOOL? I'LL EXPECT YOU IN AN HOUR... FOR AN URGENT ASSIGNMENT... IT'S UNIT 771030.
...SECTOR 28, BELLEVUE CIRCUIT... OUT!
"THAT'S RIGHT. LESS THAN TEN MINUTES LATER, I WAS TREADING THE CRIMSON CARPET OF HER CONAPT."
ACCORDING TO MY DATA, YOU WERE SPEAKING TO LADY NIMBEA S. QINQ!
"WITH HER HALO, AND HER ACCENT, I COULD TELL SHE WAS AN ARISTO FROM THE UPPERMOST LEVEL. SOMETHING SMELLED FISHY ABOUT HER, BUT THE FRESH SMELL OF MONEY WAS BLOCKING MY NOSE."
HI, I'M JOHN DIFOOL. THE CLASS "R" DETECTIVE YOU--
I KNOW. COME IN AND SIT DOWN.
I AM NIMBEA SUPRA QINQ. I NEED A GUIDE AND BODYGUARD FOR AN OUTING TO THE CRIMSON RING. I BELIEVE YOU'RE FAMILIAR WITH THE AREA.
THE CONTRACT IS ON THE TABLE.
WHAT? THE RED RING? BUT...
"FIFTY KUBLARS! I WOULD HAVE TAKEN HER TO HELL FOR THAT KIND OF MONEY!"
MIDNIGHT PRECISELY, OR YOU FORFEIT YOUR FEE.
FIFTY KUBLARS! BUT I HAVE TO BRING YOU BACK EXACTLY BY MIDNIGHT?
MŒBIUS
5

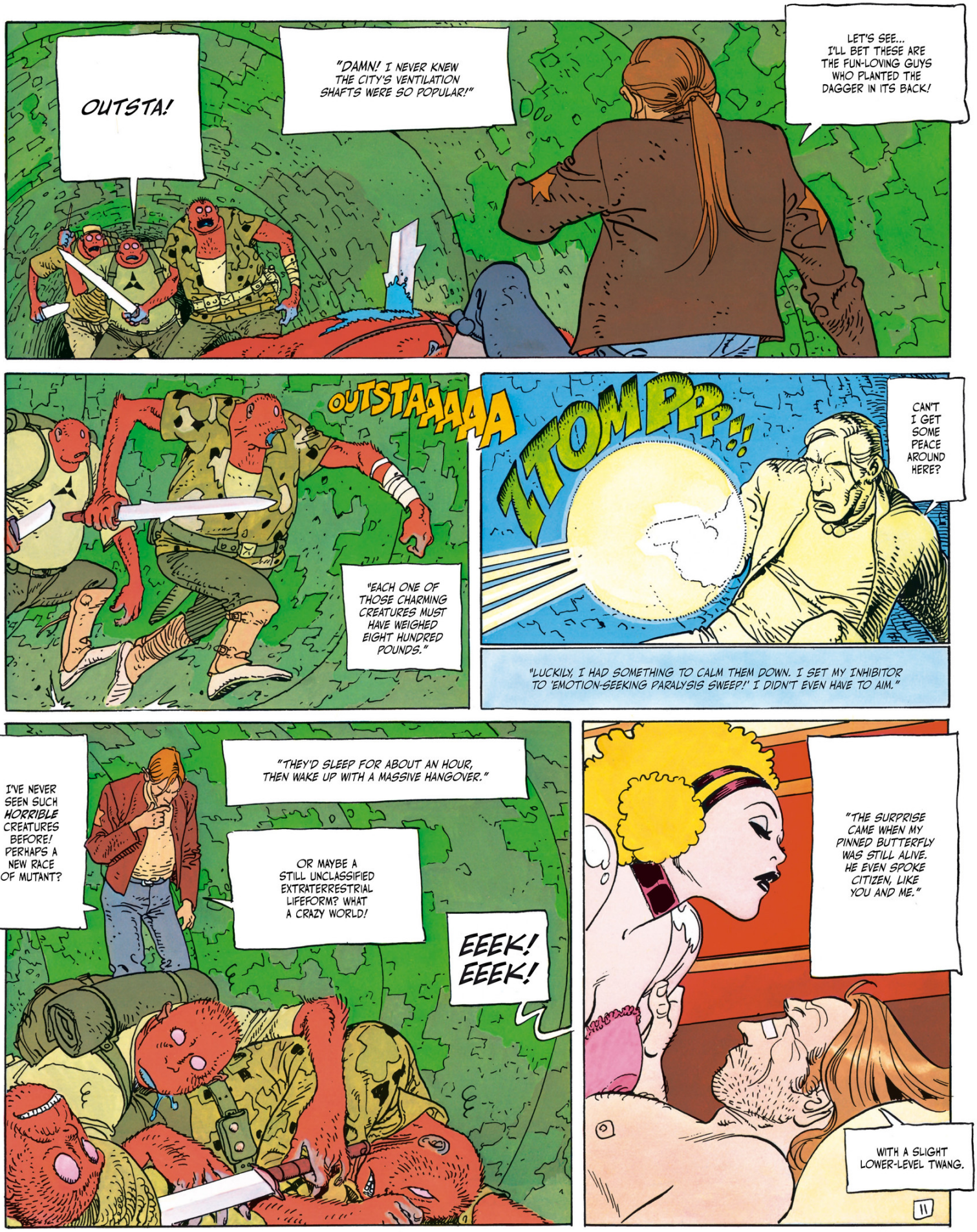

SO I TOOK HER TO THE RED RING... AND EVEN LOWER! SHE WAS INSATIABLE. LET ME TELL YOU, SHE FOUND SOME PLACES EVEN I HADN'T SEEN BEFORE. ANYWAY, EVERYTHING WAS GOING GREAT 'TIL SHE WANTED TO END THE NIGHT IN STYLE AT THE "DAREDEVIL!" THAT'S WHERE SHE MET KILL WOLFHEAD.
MY WOLF!
MY QUEEN!
YUMM! KILL, YOUR DARK BLACK MUZZLE MAKES ME RED HOT! GIGGLE!
"IT'S NOT TOO OFTEN KILL GETS HIS HANDS ON A HIGH-CLASS ARISTO. SO HE WAS MAKING THE MOST OF IT!"
LESS THAN TEN MINUTES...
IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT, MILADY! TIME TO GO!
"I HAD NO CHOICE! IF THE CRAZY WOMAN KEPT IT UP, I COULD KISS MY FIFTY KUBLARS GOODBYE."
I HAVE TO THINK OF SOMETHING, BUT WHAT...?
OOUUUUU
"ESPECIALLY SINCE, WITH KILL'S LEGENDARY STAMINA, THIS COULD HAVE GONE ON ALL NIGHT."
"DESPERATE TIMES CALL FOR DESPERATE MEASURES."
"IT WAS MOMENTS BEFORE MIDNIGHT! THE SHOT HAD TO BE PRECISE!"
I WISH HE WASN'T MOVING SO MUCH!
STONN!
YOU LITTLE BASTARD! YOU SHOT A HOLE IN MY EAR!
LET ME EXPLAIN, KILL! THE LADY AND I HAVE A CONTRACT. LOOK--
THAT ROTTEN BASTARD! I WAS FINALLY ABOUT TO HAVE AN ORGASM! TEAR HIM APART, KILLY!
MŒBIUS
6

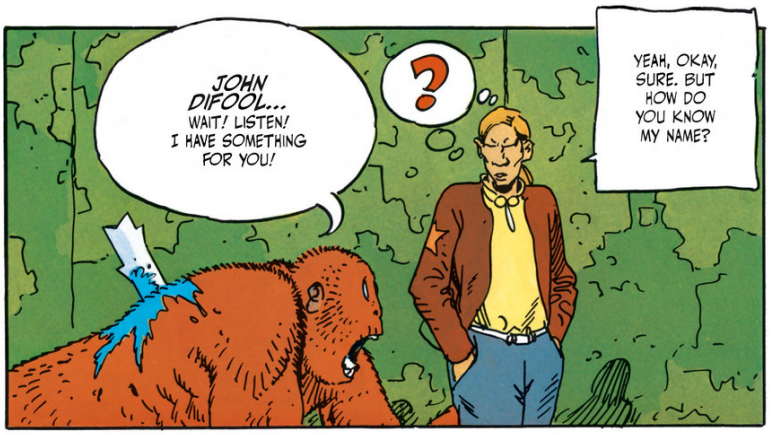

GRRRR!
LOOK AT THAT!
LOOK AT WHAT?
YES, MY WOLF! SLAUGHTER HIM! I WANT HIS HIDE! I WANT-- HACK! COUGH, COUGH!
YIPES!
OUCH
"IT TURNED OUT NIMBEA QINQ WAS AN OLD WOMAN, WHOSE HOLO-MASK WORE OFF AT MIDNIGHT!"
YOU'RE ALL A BUNCH OF BASTARDS!
"KILL WOLFHEAD'S ARDENT PASSION HAD MADE THE SORDID CINDERELLA FORGET ALL ABOUT THE TIME!"
I DON'T SEE THE CONNECTION BETWEEN YOUR STORY AND SUICIDE ALLEY?
WELL, WOLFHEAD WENT CRAZY. HE GOT IT INTO HIS HEAD THAT I WAS THE ONE RESPONSIBLE FOR NIMBEA'S TRANSFORMATION. HE STARTED CHASING ME THROUGH THE CROWD AT THE "DAREDEVIL."
ONE MORE THING. HE WAS YELLING, "I'M GOING TO RIP OFF YOUR EARS AND MAKE YOU EAT THEM!
"I FINALLY MANAGED TO ESCAPE HIM BY ENTERING A VENTILATION SHAFT. KILL WAS TOO BIG TO FOLLOW ME."
"AN HOUR LATER, I WAS HOPELESSLY LOST."
"WHEN SUDDENLY THE SOUND OF RUNNING FOOTSTEPS ECHOED THROUGH THE FILTHY TUNNEL."
COULD IT BE KILL...?
MOEBIUS
7

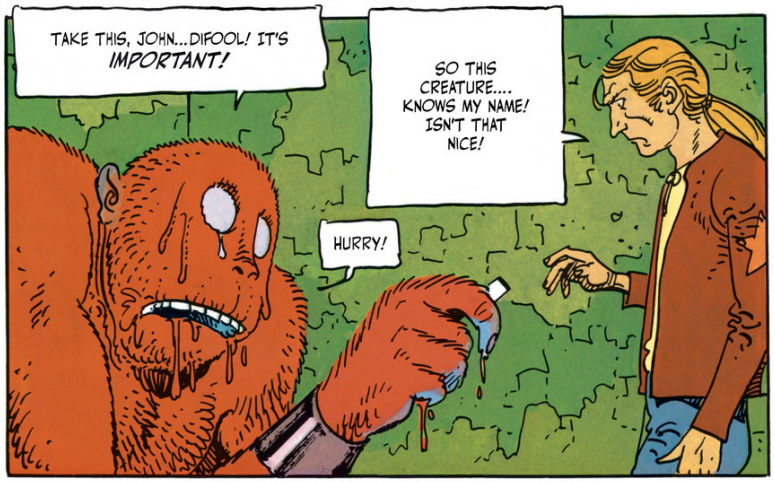

"IT WASN'T KILL, BUT SOMETHING FAR WORSE!"
WHAT IS THAT THING??
"I'D NEVER EVEN HEARD OF SUCH A CREATURE. HE WAS CHARGING AT ME AS HARD AS A PALEO-BULLDOZER, AND LOOKED JUST AS FRIENDLY!"
"BUT BY EXTRAORDINARY LUCK, THE HUGE BEAST HAD ONLY COME THAT FAR TO FALL DOWN AND DIE."
"I ONLY HAD TIME TO SEE A STRANGE BLADE EMBEDDED IN THE CREATURE'S BACK."
"BEFORE THE VIOLENT IMPACT KNOCKED ME UNCONSCIOUS."
WHEN I CAME TO, I WAS AT SUICIDE ALLEY, AND THOSE THREE HOTHEADS WERE BEATING ME UP. YOU KNOW THE REST.
AND OF COURSE, YOU DON'T HAVE THE SLIGHTEST IDEA WHO THEY WERE, OR WHAT THEY WANTED FROM YOU.
OF COURSE NOT! THEY HAD MASKS, AND...
DON'T WEAR YOURSELF OUT. WE'VE IDENTIFIED THEM. PETTY KILLERS, AND MEMBERS OF "AMOK." IMPOSSIBLE TO FIND OUT WHO THEIR COMMANDER IS. OKAY, YOU'RE FREE TO GO, DIFOOL. BUT SOMETHING ABOUT THIS CASE STINKS, AND YOU SHOULDN'T HIDE THE TRUTH FROM US! THE ONLY PLACE IT'LL GET YOU IS--
BUT I TOLD YOU THE TRUTH! I'VE GOT NOTHING TO HIDE! IT ALL CHECKS OUT: THE OLD LADY, WOLFHEAD, THE CREATURE'S BODY, ET CETERA.
THAT "ET CETERA" IS PRECISELY WHAT *STINKS*, DIFOOL!
"IT SURE DOES. P-Y IS RIGHT! OH WELL, RIGHT NOW THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IS TO BUILD MYSELF A WOMAN AND FIND SOMETHING TO SMOKE, SO I CAN RELAX AND WET MY WHISTLE IN THE COMPANY OF SOMETHING SOFT, PINK, AND TENDER!"
LATER, AT A HOMEO-BROTHEL IN THE FRENCH QUARTER.
AHH, NOW HERE'S WHAT I NEED!
8
MOEBIUS

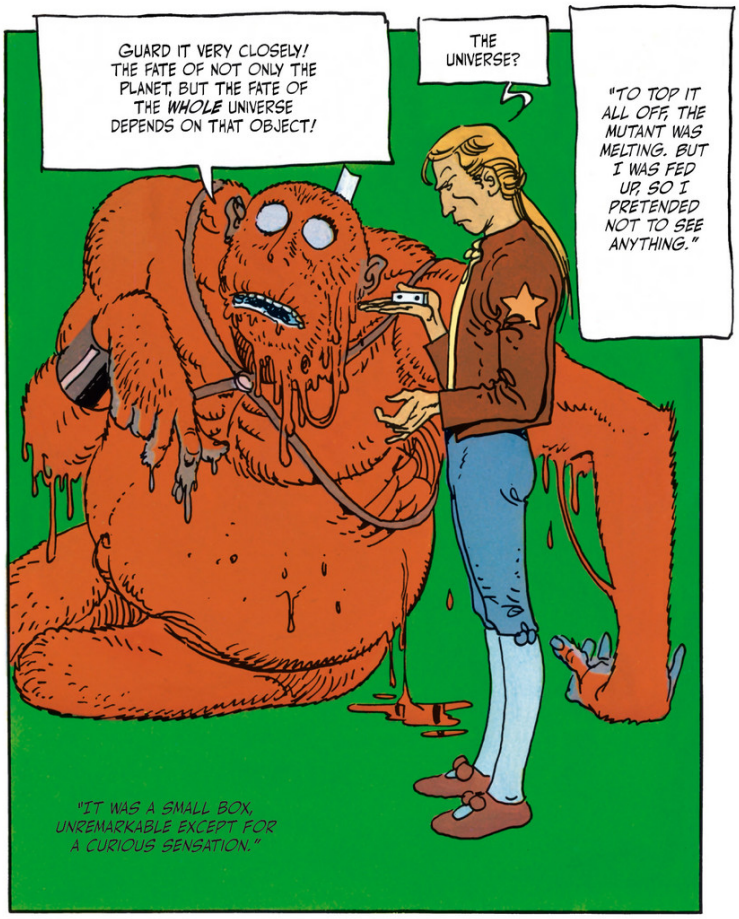
DANCE OF THE INCAL

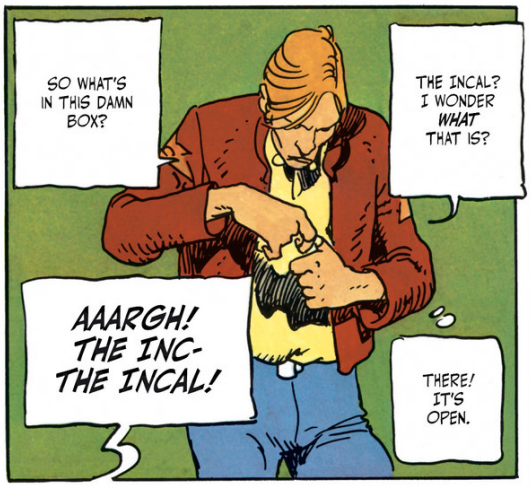

"PARIS LEVEL SEXUAL CREDIT UNION." JUST THE TYPE OF UPPER-CLASS ESTABLISHMENT I WAS LOOKING FOR.
COME IN, SIR. THE CREDIT UNION IS AT YOUR SERVICE.
CREDIT CARD
CRRRR
I'M GOING TO GO AHEAD AND TREAT MYSELF TO A DELUXE MODEL! AFTER WHAT I'VE BEEN THROUGH, I DESERVE IT!
LATER...
AHH...A BOTTLE OF WHISKY, A BOX OF SPV*, A CIGAR AND A HOT BATH... WHAT MORE COULD I WISH FOR?
* LIGHT HALLUCINOGEN FOR MAINSTREAM CONSUMPTION.
COOTCHIE COOTCHIE!
ALL RIGHT! NOW THAT'S WHAT WAS MISSING!
BUT TODAY, THE HOMEO-WHORE'S CARESSES CAN'T COMPLETELY CHASE AWAY THE THOUGHTS RUSHING THROUGH JOHN'S HEAD.
DAMN IT!
OR THE IMAGES THAT KEEP RETURNING... EVERYTHING HE HID FROM THE ROBOT POLICEMAN.
WHAT IS THIS CREATURE?
IT'S PINNED LIKE A BUTTERFLY!
DAMN! WHAT A STORY!
VDAM

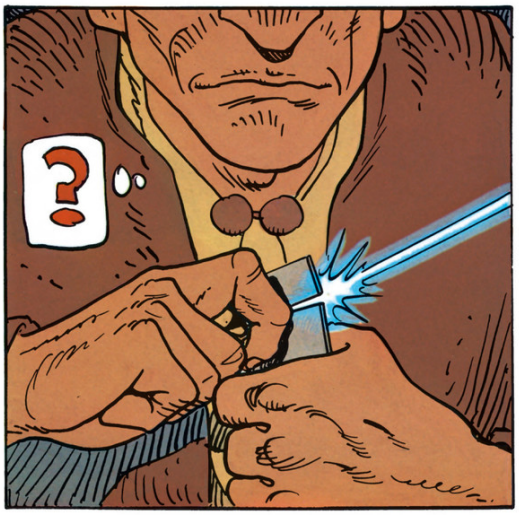

OUTSTA!
"DAMN! I NEVER KNEW THE CITY'S VENTILATION SHAFTS WERE SO POPULAR!"
LET'S SEE... I'LL BET THESE ARE THE FUN-LOVING GUYS WHO PLANTED THE DAGGER IN ITS BACK!
OUTSTAAAAAA
"EACH ONE OF THOSE CHARMING CREATURES MUST HAVE WEIGHED EIGHT HUNDRED POUNDS."
TOMPP!!
CAN'T I GET SOME PEACE AROUND HERE?
"LUCKILY, I HAD SOMETHING TO CALM THEM DOWN. I SET MY INHIBITOR TO 'EMOTION-SEEKING PARALYSIS SWEEP!' I DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO AIM."
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH HORRIBLE CREATURES BEFORE! PERHAPS A NEW RACE OF MUTANT?
"THEY'D SLEEP FOR ABOUT AN HOUR, THEN WAKE UP WITH A MASSIVE HANGOVER."
OR MAYBE A STILL UNCLASSIFIED EXTRATERRESTRIAL LIFEFORM? WHAT A CRAZY WORLD!
EEEK! EEEK!
"THE SURPRISE CAME WHEN MY PINNED BUTTERFLY WAS STILL ALIVE. HE EVEN SPOKE CITIZEN, LIKE YOU AND ME."
WITH A SLIGHT LOWER-LEVEL TWANG.

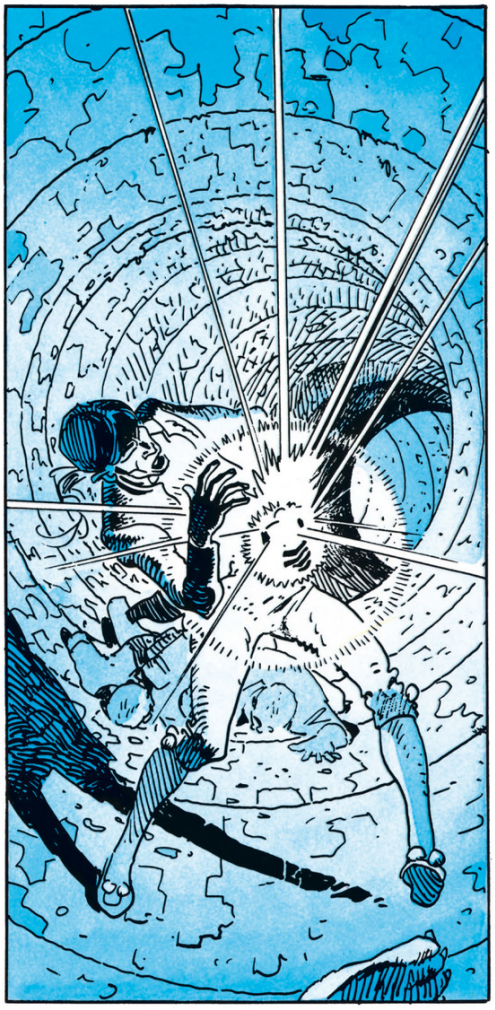

JOHN DIFOOL... WAIT! LISTEN! I HAVE SOMETHING FOR YOU!
?
YEAH, OKAY, SURE. BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW MY NAME?

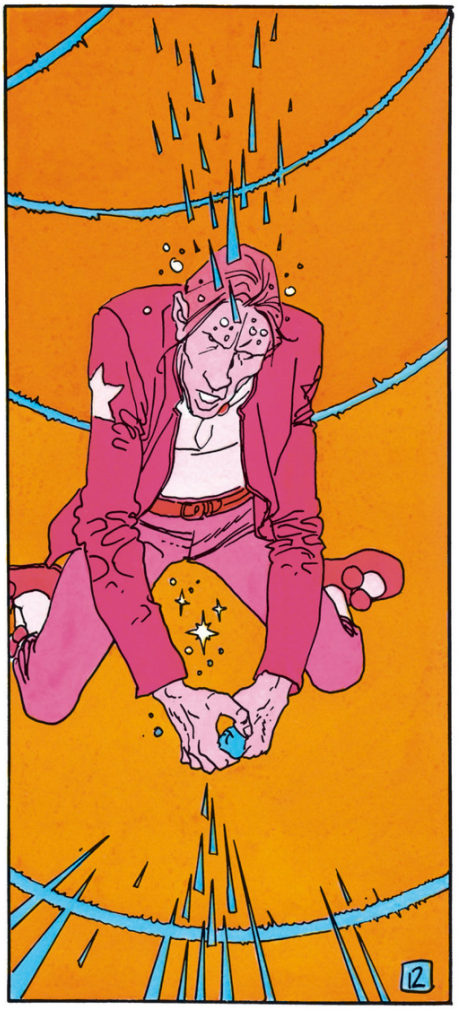

TAKE THIS, JOHN...DIFOOL! IT'S IMPORTANT!
SO THIS CREATURE.... KNOWS MY NAME! ISN'T THAT NICE!
HURRY!


GUARD IT VERY CLOSELY! THE FATE OF NOT ONLY THE PLANET, BUT THE FATE OF THE WHOLE UNIVERSE DEPENDS ON THAT OBJECT!
THE UNIVERSE?
"TO TOP IT ALL OFF, THE MUTANT WAS MELTING. BUT I WAS FED UP, SO I PRETENDED NOT TO SEE ANYTHING."
"IT WAS A SMALL BOX, UNREMARKABLE EXCEPT FOR A CURIOUS SENSATION."


SO WHAT'S IN THIS DAMN BOX?
THE INCAL? I WONDER WHAT THAT IS?
AAARGH! THE INC- THE INCAL!
THERE! IT'S OPEN.


?

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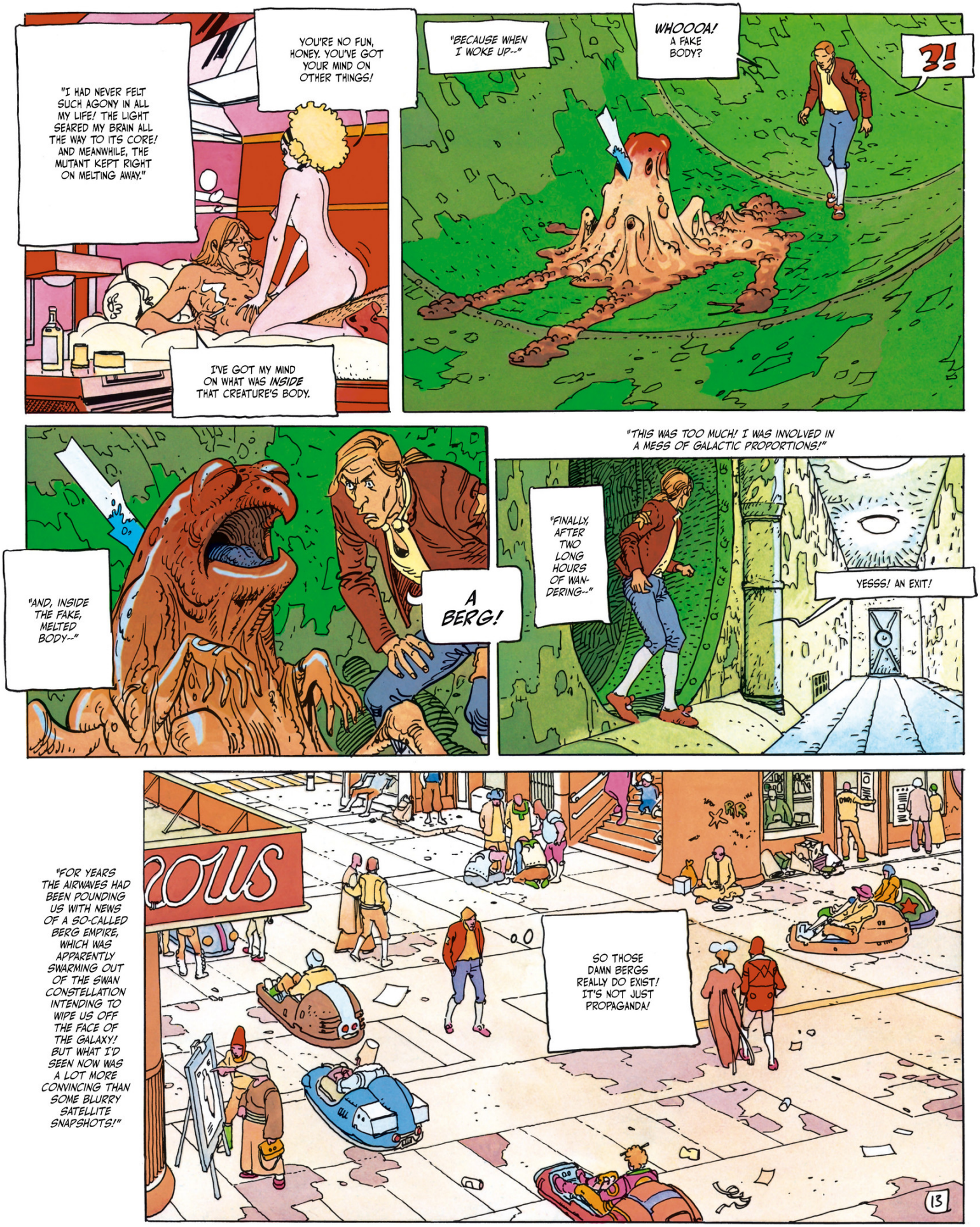
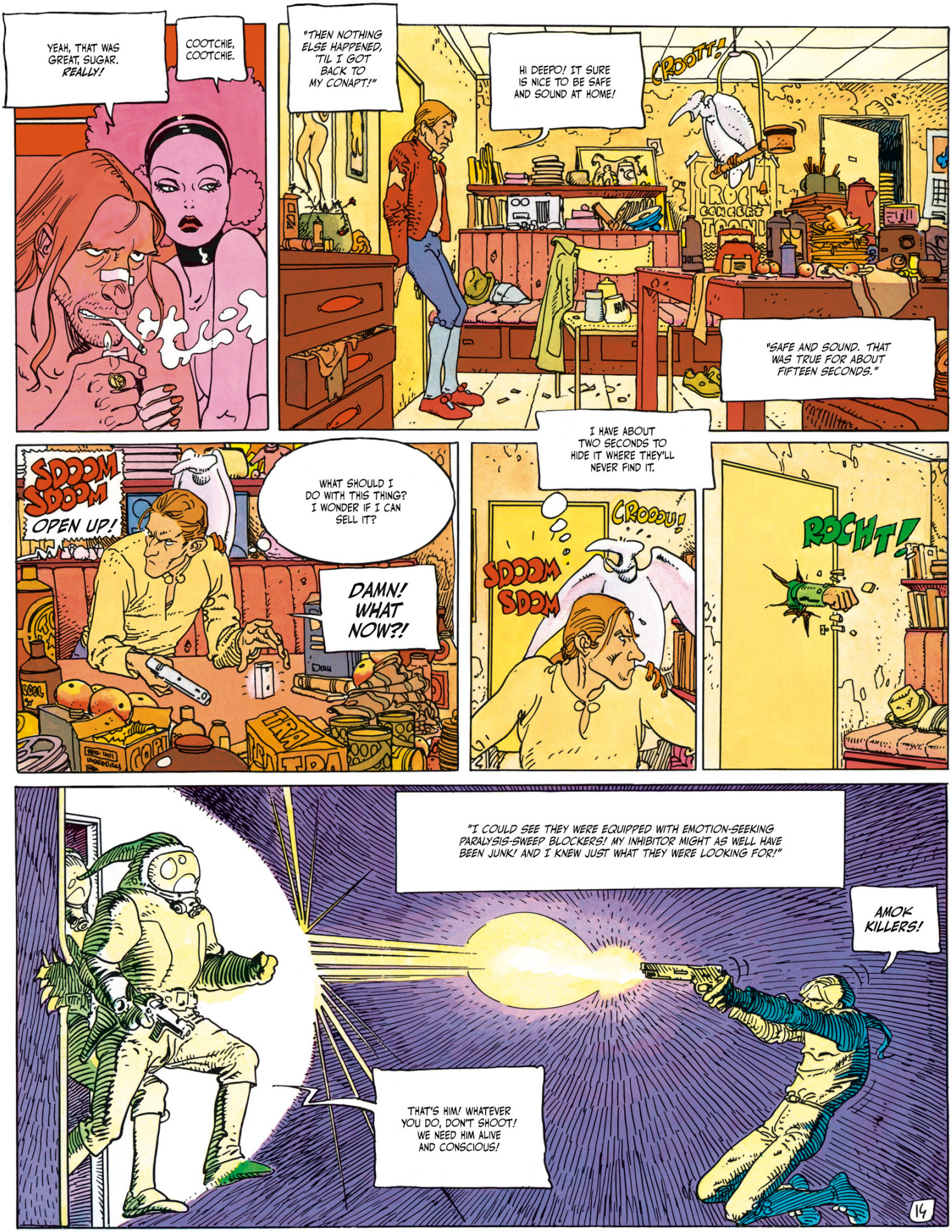
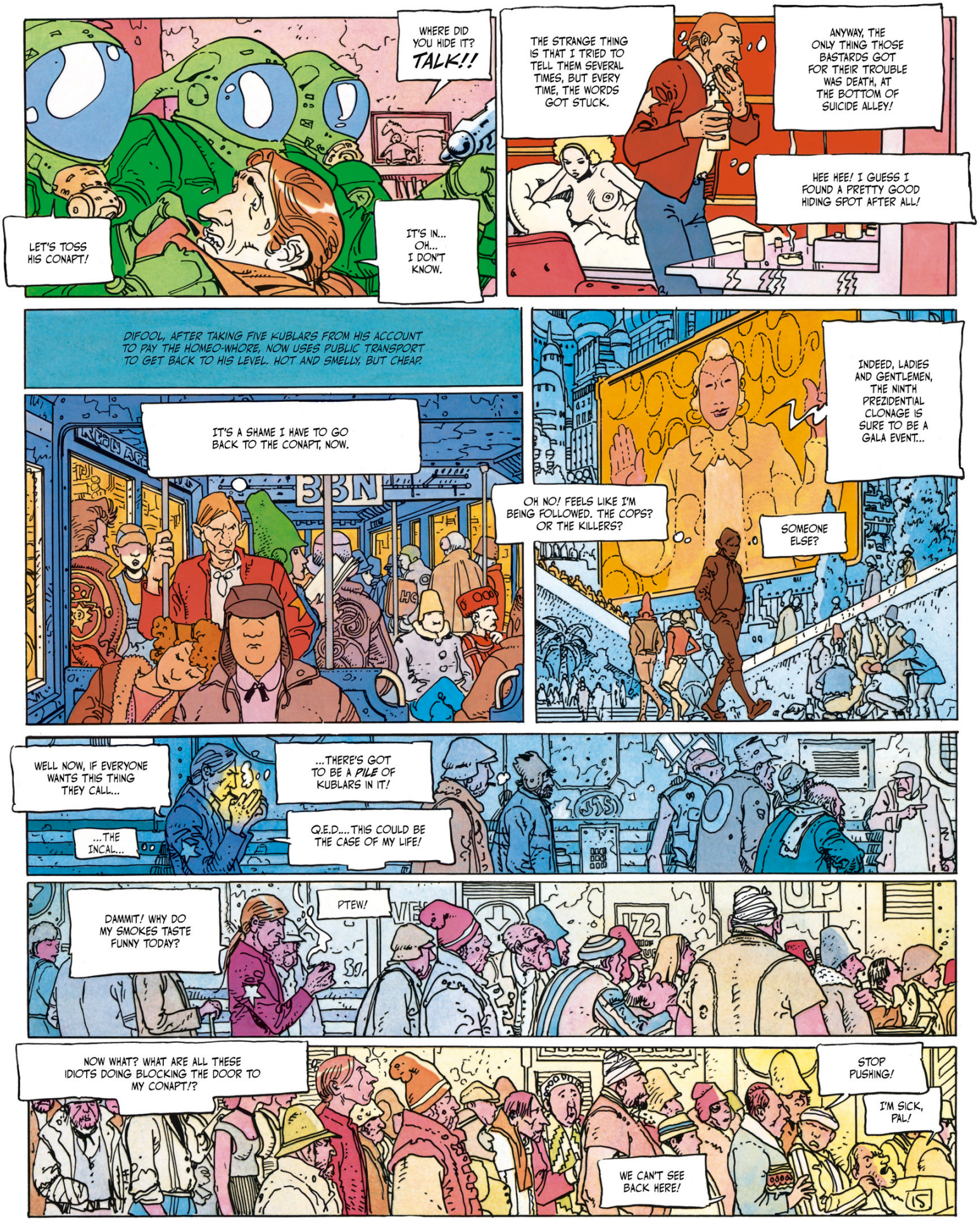
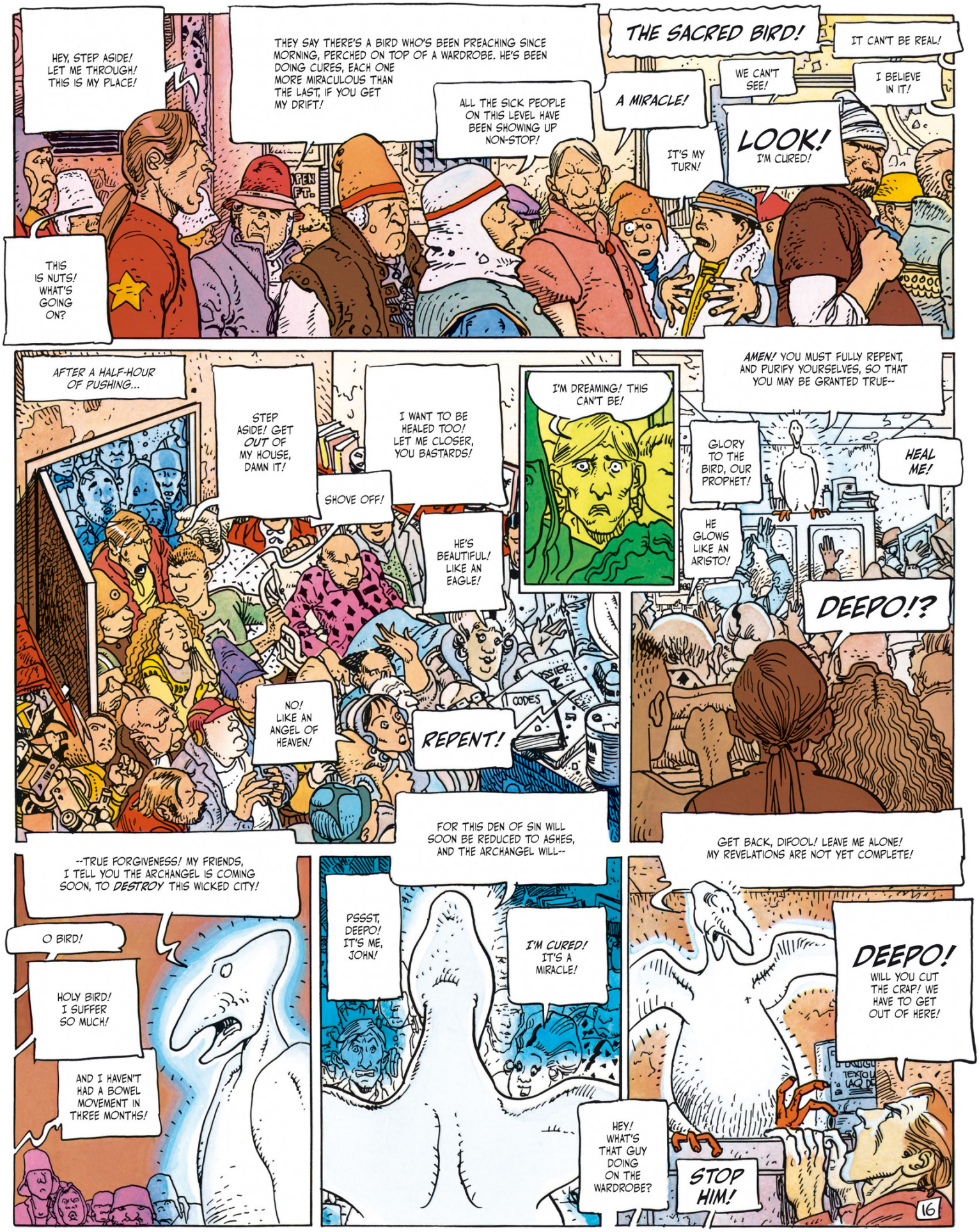
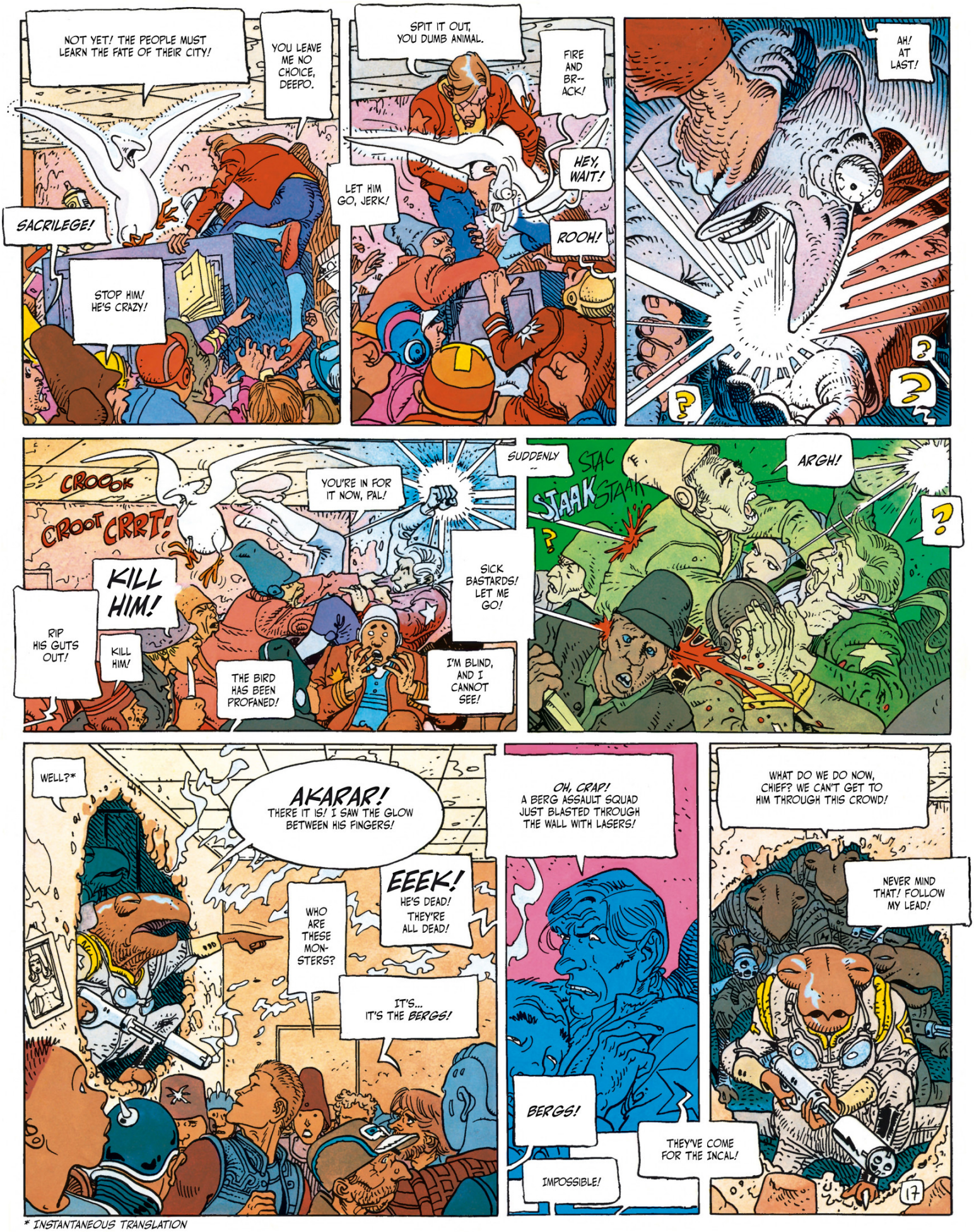

"I HAD NEVER FELT SUCH AGONY IN ALL MY LIFE! THE LIGHT SEARED MY BRAIN ALL THE WAY TO ITS CORE! AND MEANWHILE, THE MUTANT KEPT RIGHT ON MELTING AWAY."
YOU'RE NO FUN, HONEY. YOU'VE GOT YOUR MIND ON OTHER THINGS!
I'VE GOT MY MIND ON WHAT WAS INSIDE THAT CREATURE'S BODY.
"BECAUSE WHEN I WOKE UP--"
WHOOOA! A FAKE BODY?
?!
"AND, INSIDE THE FAKE, MELTED BODY--"
A BERG!
"THIS WAS TOO MUCH! I WAS INVOLVED IN A MESS OF GALACTIC PROPORTIONS!"
"FINALLY, AFTER TWO LONG HOURS OF WANDERING--"
YESSS! AN EXIT!
"FOR YEARS THE AIRWAVES HAD BEEN POUNDING US WITH NEWS OF A SO-CALLED BERG EMPIRE, WHICH WAS APPARENTLY SWARMING OUT OF THE SWAN CONSTELLATION INTENDING TO WIPE US OFF THE FACE OF THE GALAXY! BUT WHAT I'D SEEN NOW WAS A LOT MORE CONVINCING THAN SOME BLURRY SATELLITE SNAPSHOTS!"
SO THOSE DAMN BERGS REALLY DO EXIST! IT'S NOT JUST PROPAGANDA!
13

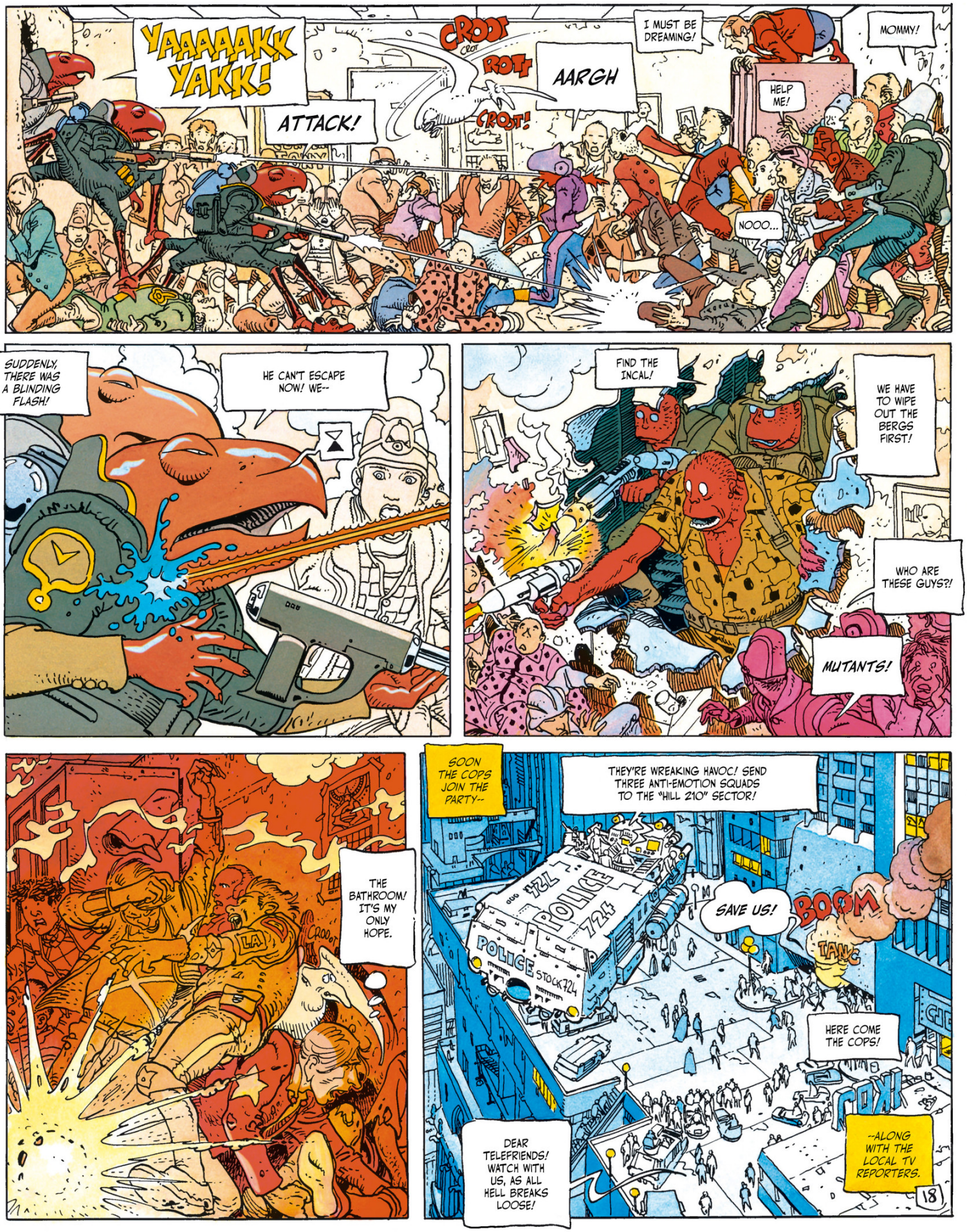

YEAH, THAT WAS GREAT, SUGAR. REALLY!
COOTCHIE, COOTCHIE.
"THEN NOTHING ELSE HAPPENED, 'TIL I GOT BACK TO MY CONAPT!"
HI DEEPO! IT SURE IS NICE TO BE SAFE AND SOUND AT HOME!
CROOTT!
"SAFE AND SOUND. THAT WAS TRUE FOR ABOUT FIFTEEN SECONDS."
SDOOM SDOOM
OPEN UP!
WHAT SHOULD I DO WITH THIS THING? I WONDER IF I CAN SELL IT?
DAMN! WHAT NOW?!
I HAVE ABOUT TWO SECONDS TO HIDE IT WHERE THEY'LL NEVER FIND IT.
CROODU!
SDOOM SDOOM
ROCHT!
"I COULD SEE THEY WERE EQUIPPED WITH EMOTION-SEEKING PARALYSIS-SWEEP BLOCKERS! MY INHIBITOR MIGHT AS WELL HAVE BEEN JUNK! AND I KNEW JUST WHAT THEY WERE LOOKING FOR!"
AMOK KILLERS!
THAT'S HIM! WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T SHOOT! WE NEED HIM ALIVE AND CONSCIOUS!

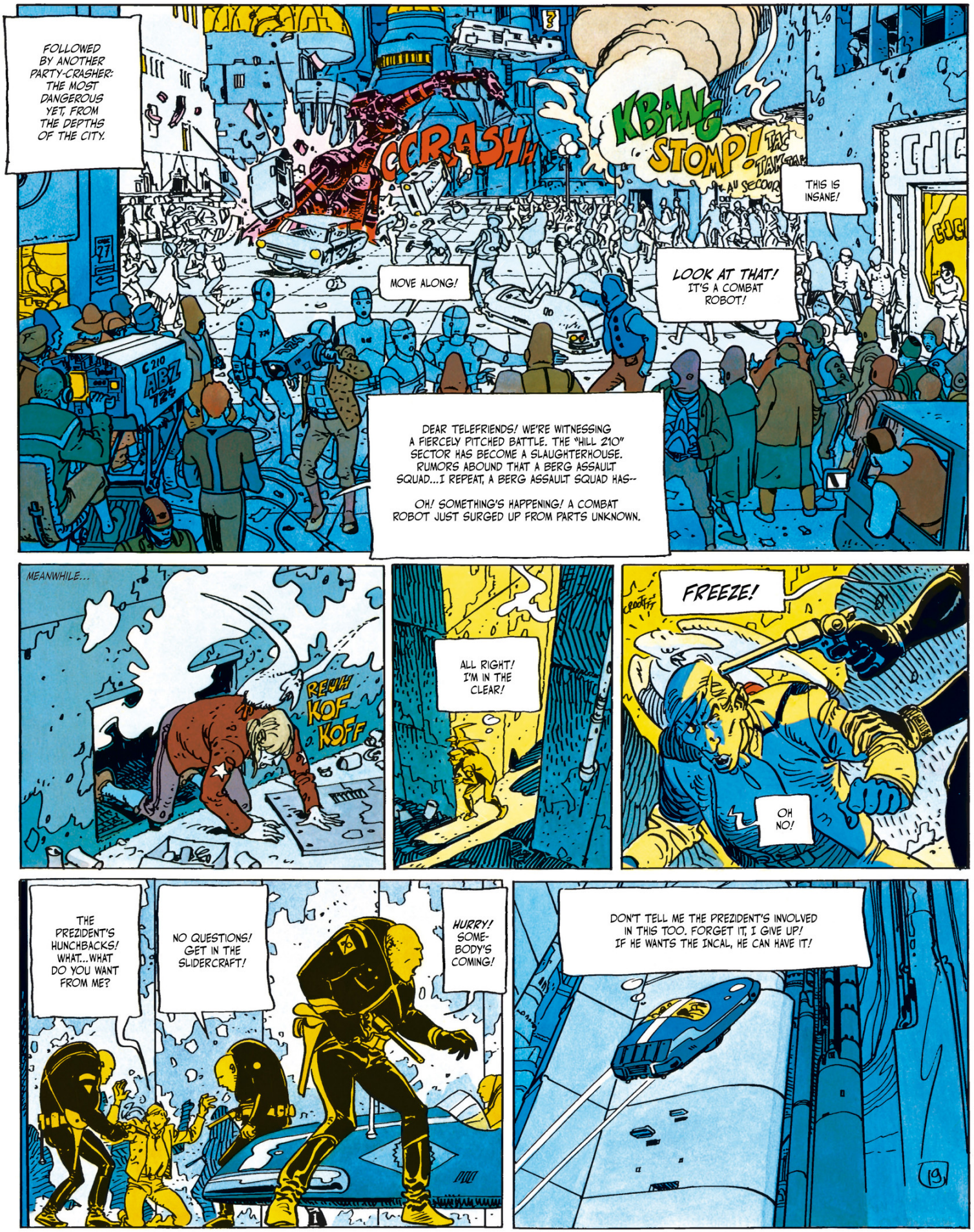

WHERE DID YOU HIDE IT? TALK!!
LET'S TOSS HIS CONAPT!
IT'S IN... OH... I DON'T KNOW.
THE STRANGE THING IS THAT I TRIED TO TELL THEM SEVERAL TIMES, BUT EVERY TIME, THE WORDS GOT STUCK.
ANYWAY, THE ONLY THING THOSE BASTARDS GOT FOR THEIR TROUBLE WAS DEATH, AT THE BOTTOM OF SUICIDE ALLEY!
HEE HEE! I GUESS I FOUND A PRETTY GOOD HIDING SPOT AFTER ALL!
DIFOOL, AFTER TAKING FIVE KUBLARS FROM HIS ACCOUNT TO PAY THE HOMEO-WHORE, NOW USES PUBLIC TRANSPORT TO GET BACK TO HIS LEVEL. HOT AND SMELLY, BUT CHEAP.
IT'S A SHAME I HAVE TO GO BACK TO THE CONAPT, NOW.
INDEED, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, THE NINTH PREZIDENTIAL CLONAGE IS SURE TO BE A GALA EVENT...
OH NO! FEELS LIKE I'M BEING FOLLOWED. THE COPS? OR THE KILLERS?
SOMEONE ELSE?
WELL NOW, IF EVERYONE WANTS THIS THING THEY CALL...
...THERE'S GOT TO BE A *PILE* OF KUBLARS IN IT!
...THE INCAL...
Q.E.D.... THIS COULD BE THE CASE OF MY LIFE!
DAMMIT! WHY DO MY SMOKES TASTE FUNNY TODAY?
PTEW!
NOW WHAT? WHAT ARE ALL THESE IDIOTS DOING BLOCKING THE DOOR TO MY CONAPT!?
STOP PUSHING!
I'M SICK, PAL!
WE CAN'T SEE BACK HERE!
15


HEY, STEP ASIDE! LET ME THROUGH! THIS IS MY PLACE!
THEY SAY THERE'S A BIRD WHO'S BEEN PREACHING SINCE MORNING, PERCHED ON TOP OF A WARDROBE. HE'S BEEN DOING CURES, EACH ONE MORE MIRACULOUS THAN THE LAST, IF YOU GET MY DRIFT!
ALL THE SICK PEOPLE ON THIS LEVEL HAVE BEEN SHOWING UP NON-STOP!
THIS IS NUTS! WHAT'S GOING ON?
THE SACRED BIRD!
IT CAN'T BE REAL!
WE CAN'T SEE!
I BELIEVE IN IT!
A MIRACLE!
IT'S MY TURN!
LOOK! I'M CURED!
AFTER A HALF-HOUR OF PUSHING...
STEP ASIDE! GET OUT OF MY HOUSE, DAMN IT!
I WANT TO BE HEALED TOO! LET ME CLOSER, YOU BASTARDS!
SHOVE OFF!
HE'S BEAUTIFUL! LIKE AN EAGLE!
NO! LIKE AN ANGEL OF HEAVEN!
REPENT!
FOR THIS DEN OF SIN WILL SOON BE REDUCED TO ASHES, AND THE ARCHANGEL WILL--
I'M DREAMING! THIS CAN'T BE!
AMEN! YOU MUST FULLY REPENT, AND PURIFY YOURSELVES, SO THAT YOU MAY BE GRANTED TRUE--
GLORY TO THE BIRD, OUR PROPHET!
HEAL ME!
HE GLOWS LIKE AN ARISTO!
DEEPO!?
--TRUE FORGIVENESS! MY FRIENDS, I TELL YOU THE ARCHANGEL IS COMING SOON, TO DESTROY THIS WICKED CITY!
O BIRD!
HOLY BIRD! I SUFFER SO MUCH!
AND I HAVEN'T HAD A BOWEL MOVEMENT IN THREE MONTHS!
PSSST, DEEPO! IT'S ME, JOHN!
I'M CURED! IT'S A MIRACLE!
HEY! WHAT'S THAT GUY DOING ON THE WARDROBE?
GET BACK, DIFOOL! LEAVE ME ALONE! MY REVELATIONS ARE NOT YET COMPLETE!
DEEPO! WILL YOU CUT THE CRAP! WE HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE!
STOP HIM!
16

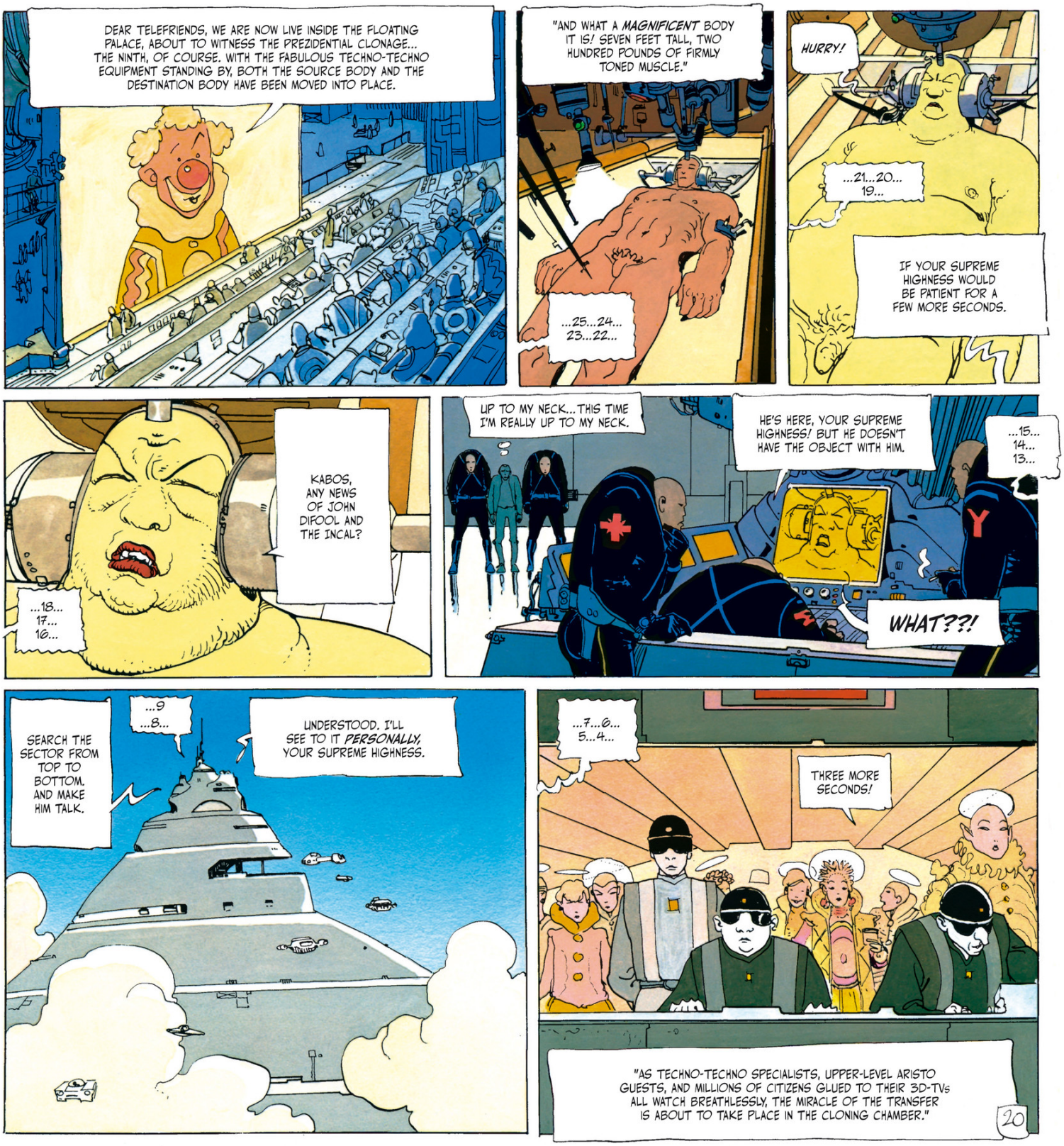


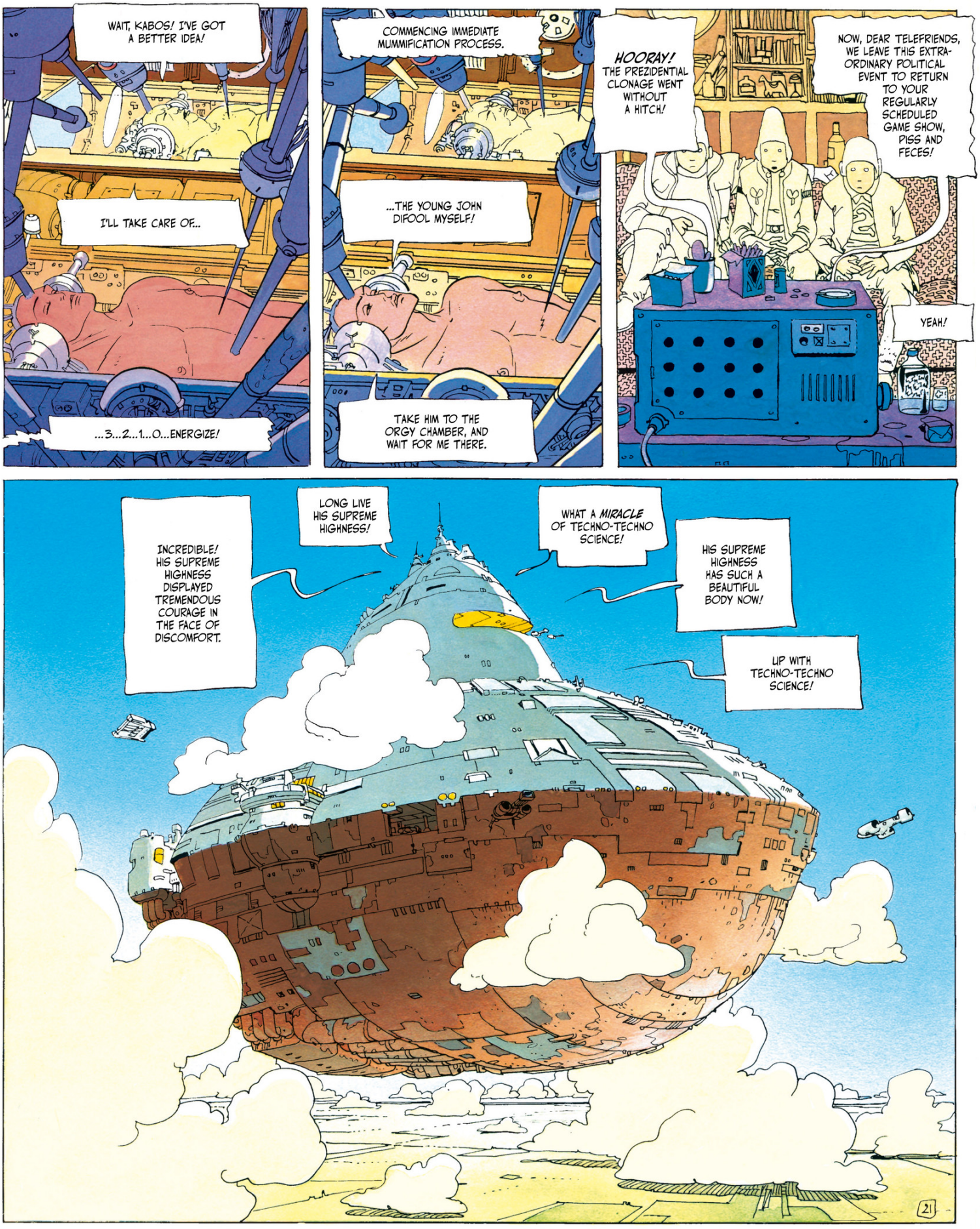
* INSTANTANEOUS TRANSLATION

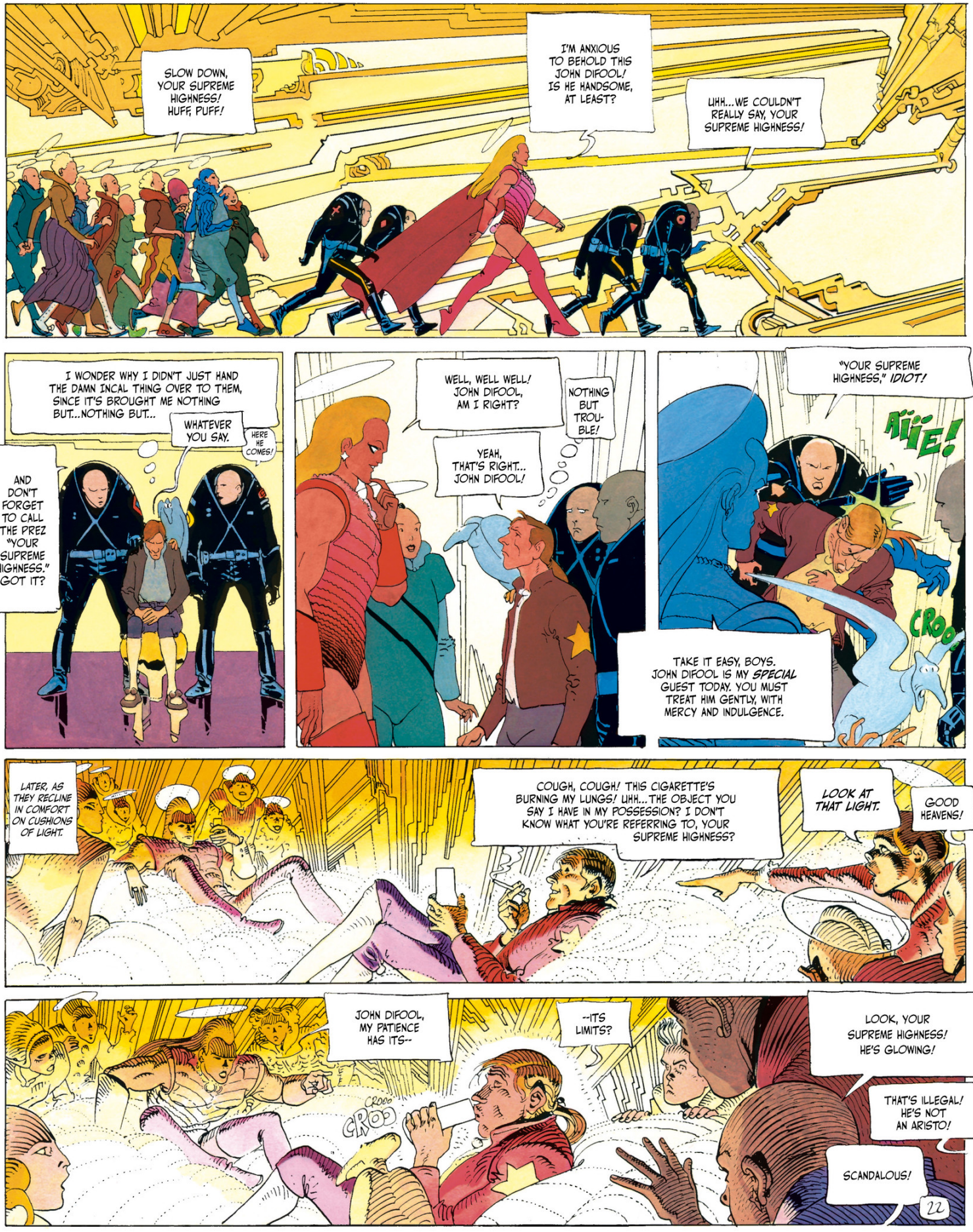

YAAAAAKK YAKK!
ATTACK!
CROOT
CROT
ROT
CROST!
AARGH
I MUST BE DREAMING!
MOMMY!
HELP ME!
NOOO...
SUDDENLY, THERE WAS A BLINDING FLASH!
HE CAN'T ESCAPE NOW! WE--
FIND THE INCAL!
WE HAVE TO WIPE OUT THE BERGS FIRST!
WHO ARE THESE GUYS?!
MUTANTS!
THE BATHROOM! IT'S MY ONLY HOPE.
SOON THE COPS JOIN THE PARTY--
THEY'RE WREAKING HAVOC! SEND THREE ANTI-EMOTION SQUADS TO THE "HILL 210" SECTOR!
POLICE 724
POLICE STOCK 724
SAVE US!
BOOM
TANC
HERE COME THE COPS!
CRAK
DEAR TELEFRIENDS! WATCH WITH US, AS ALL HELL BREAKS LOOSE!
--ALONG WITH THE LOCAL TV REPORTERS.

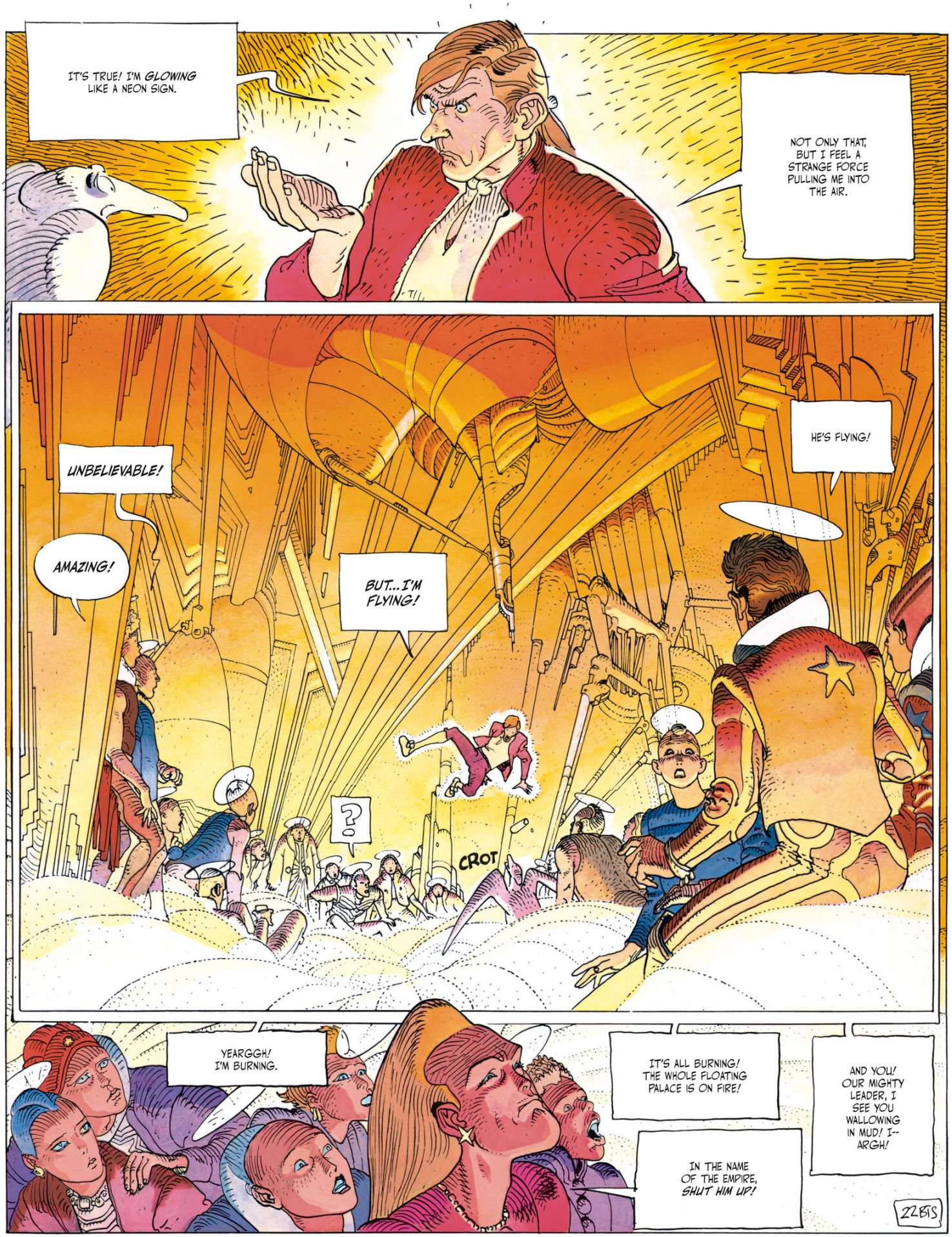

FOLLOWED BY ANOTHER PARTY-CRASHER: THE MOST DANGEROUS YET, FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE CITY.
CCRASHH
KBANG STOMP!
THIS IS INSANE!
MOVE ALONG!
LOOK AT THAT! IT'S A COMBAT ROBOT!
DEAR TELEFRIENDS! WE'RE WITNESSING A FIERCELY PITCHED BATTLE. THE "HILL 210" SECTOR HAS BECOME A SLAUGHTERHOUSE. RUMORS ABOUND THAT A BERG ASSAULT SQUAD...I REPEAT, A BERG ASSAULT SQUAD HAS--
OH! SOMETHING'S HAPPENING! A COMBAT ROBOT JUST SURGED UP FROM PARTS UNKNOWN.
MEANWHILE...
REUH KOF KOFF
ALL RIGHT! I'M IN THE CLEAR!
FREEZE!
OH NO!
THE PREZIDENT'S HUNCHBACKS! WHAT...WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM ME?
NO QUESTIONS! GET IN THE SLIDERCRAFT!
HURRY! SOMEBODY'S COMING!
DON'T TELL ME THE PREZIDENT'S INVOLVED IN THIS TOO. FORGET IT, I GIVE UP! IF HE WANTS THE INCAL, HE CAN HAVE IT!
19

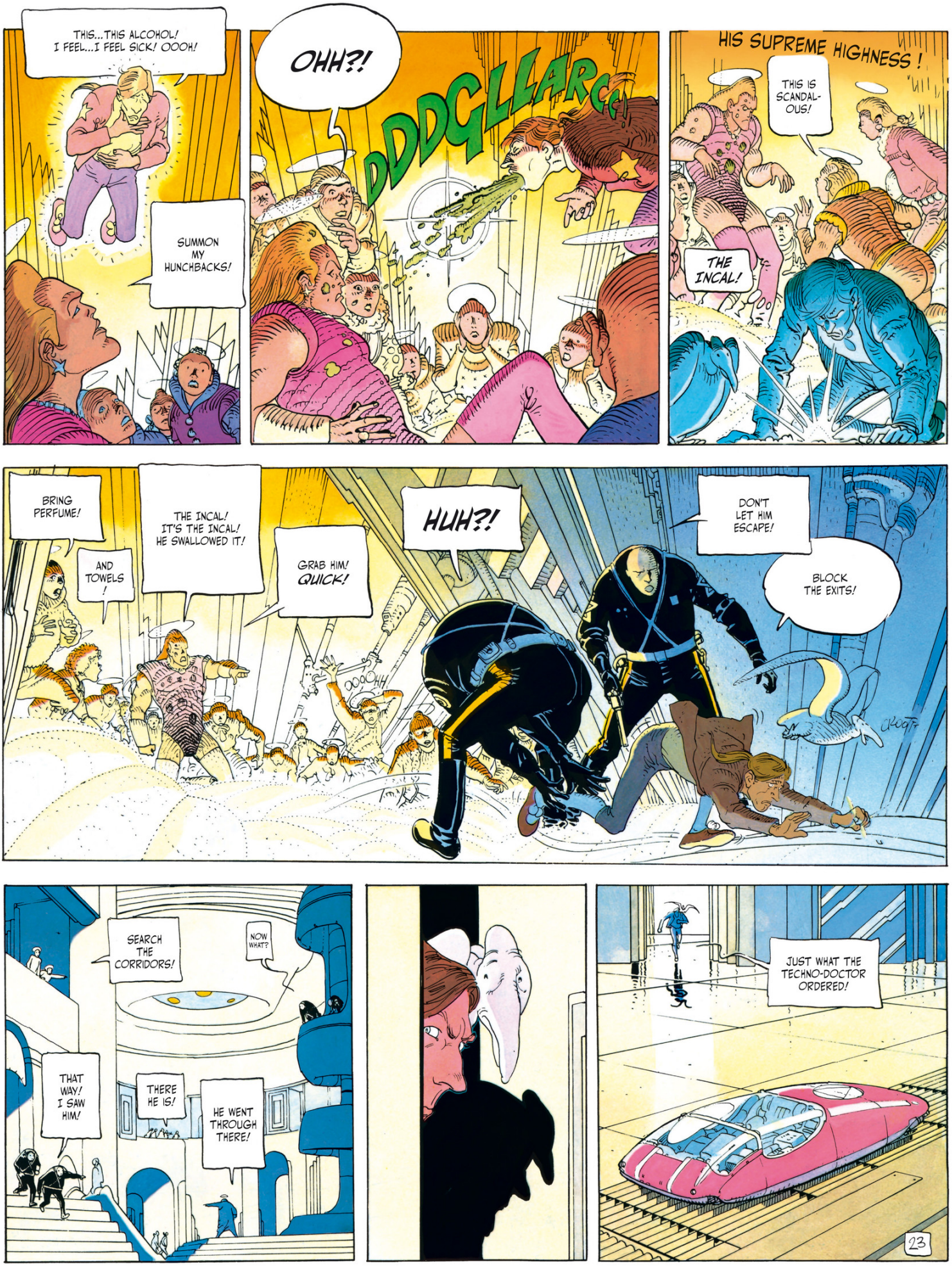
HIS SUPREME HIGHNESS

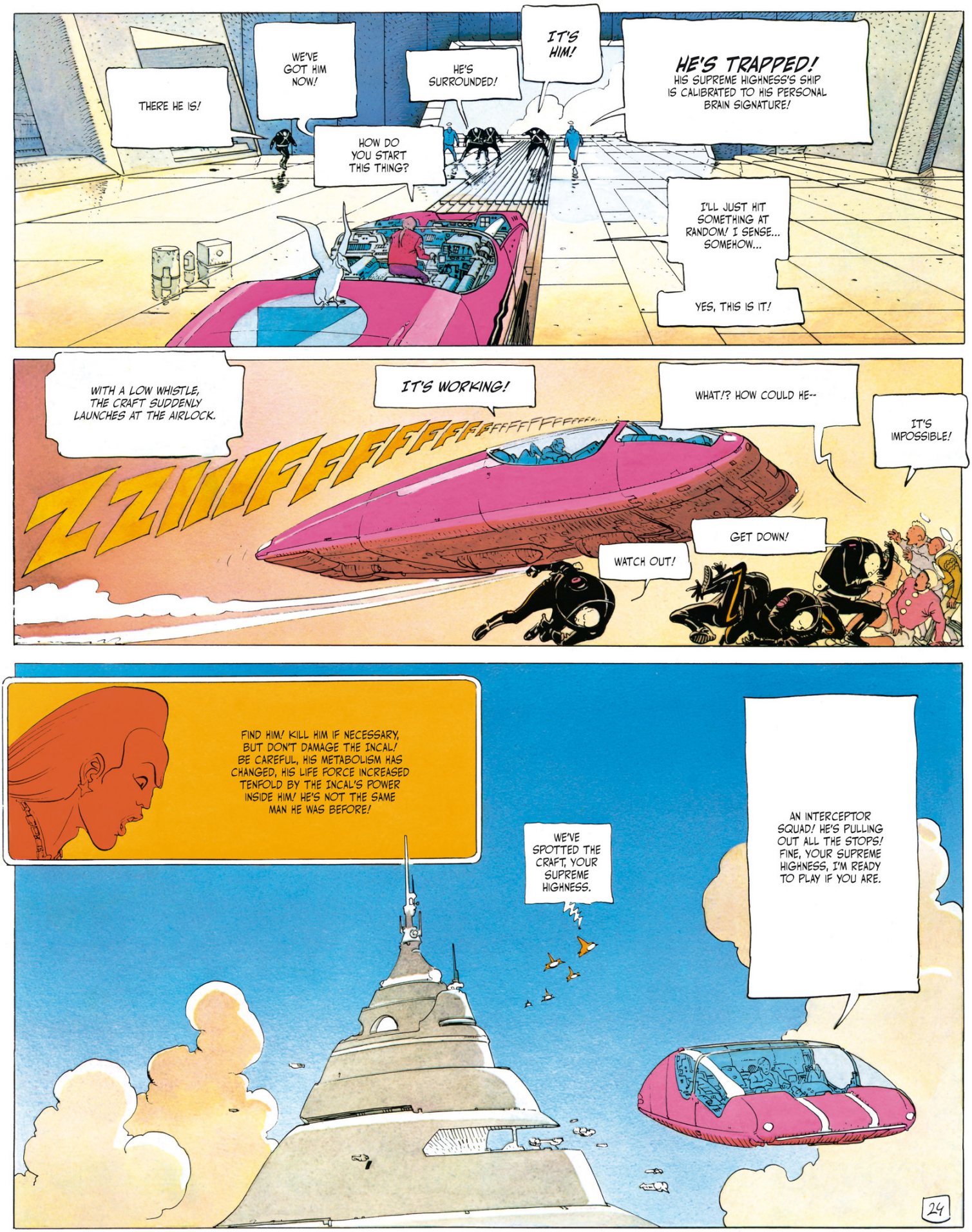

DEAR TELEFRIENDS, WE ARE NOW LIVE INSIDE THE FLOATING PALACE, ABOUT TO WITNESS THE PREZIDENTIAL CLONAGE... THE NINTH, OF COURSE. WITH THE FABULOUS TECHNO-TECHNO EQUIPMENT STANDING BY, BOTH THE SOURCE BODY AND THE DESTINATION BODY HAVE BEEN MOVED INTO PLACE.
"AND WHAT A *MAGNIFICENT* BODY IT IS! SEVEN FEET TALL, TWO HUNDRED POUNDS OF FIRMLY TONED MUSCLE."
...25...24... 23...22...
HURRY!
...21...20... 19...
IF YOUR SUPREME HIGHNESS WOULD BE PATIENT FOR A FEW MORE SECONDS.
...18... 17... 16...
KABOS, ANY NEWS OF JOHN DIFOOL AND THE INCAL?
UP TO MY NECK... THIS TIME I'M REALLY UP TO MY NECK.
HE'S HERE, YOUR SUPREME HIGHNESS! BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE THE OBJECT WITH HIM.
...15... 14... 13...
WHAT??!
SEARCH THE SECTOR FROM TOP TO BOTTOM. AND MAKE HIM TALK.
...9 ...8...
UNDERSTOOD. I'LL SEE TO IT *PERSONALLY*, YOUR SUPREME HIGHNESS.
...7...6... 5...4...
THREE MORE SECONDS!
"AS TECHNO-TECHNO SPECIALISTS, UPPER-LEVEL ARISTO GUESTS, AND MILLIONS OF CITIZENS GLUED TO THEIR 3D-TVs ALL WATCH BREATHLESSLY, THE MIRACLE OF THE TRANSFER IS ABOUT TO TAKE PLACE IN THE CLONING CHAMBER."

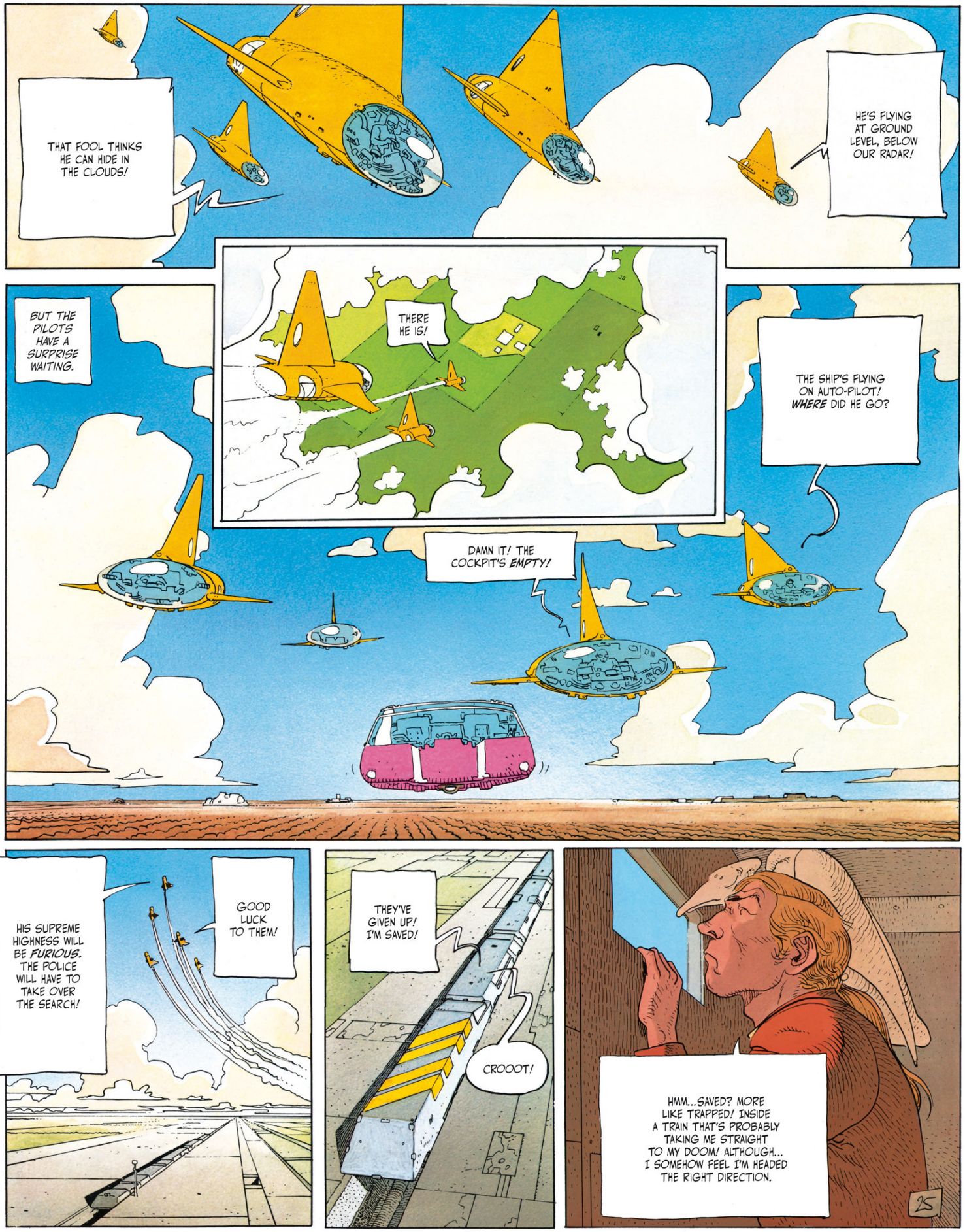

WAIT, KABOS! I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA!
I'LL TAKE CARE OF...
...3...2...1...0...ENERGIZE!
COMMENCING IMMEDIATE MUMMIFICATION PROCESS.
...THE YOUNG JOHN DIFOOL MYSELF!
TAKE HIM TO THE ORGY CHAMBER, AND WAIT FOR ME THERE.
HOORAY! THE PREZIDENTIAL CLONAGE WENT WITHOUT A HITCH!
NOW, DEAR TELEFRIENDS, WE LEAVE THIS EXTRA-ORDINARY POLITICAL EVENT TO RETURN TO YOUR REGULARLY SCHEDULED GAME SHOW, PISS AND FECES!
YEAH!
INCREDIBLE! HIS SUPREME HIGHNESS DISPLAYED TREMENDOUS COURAGE IN THE FACE OF DISCOMFORT.
LONG LIVE HIS SUPREME HIGHNESS!
WHAT A MIRACLE OF TECHNO-TECHNO SCIENCE!
HIS SUPREME HIGHNESS HAS SUCH A BEAUTIFUL BODY NOW!
UP WITH TECHNO-TECHNO SCIENCE!
21

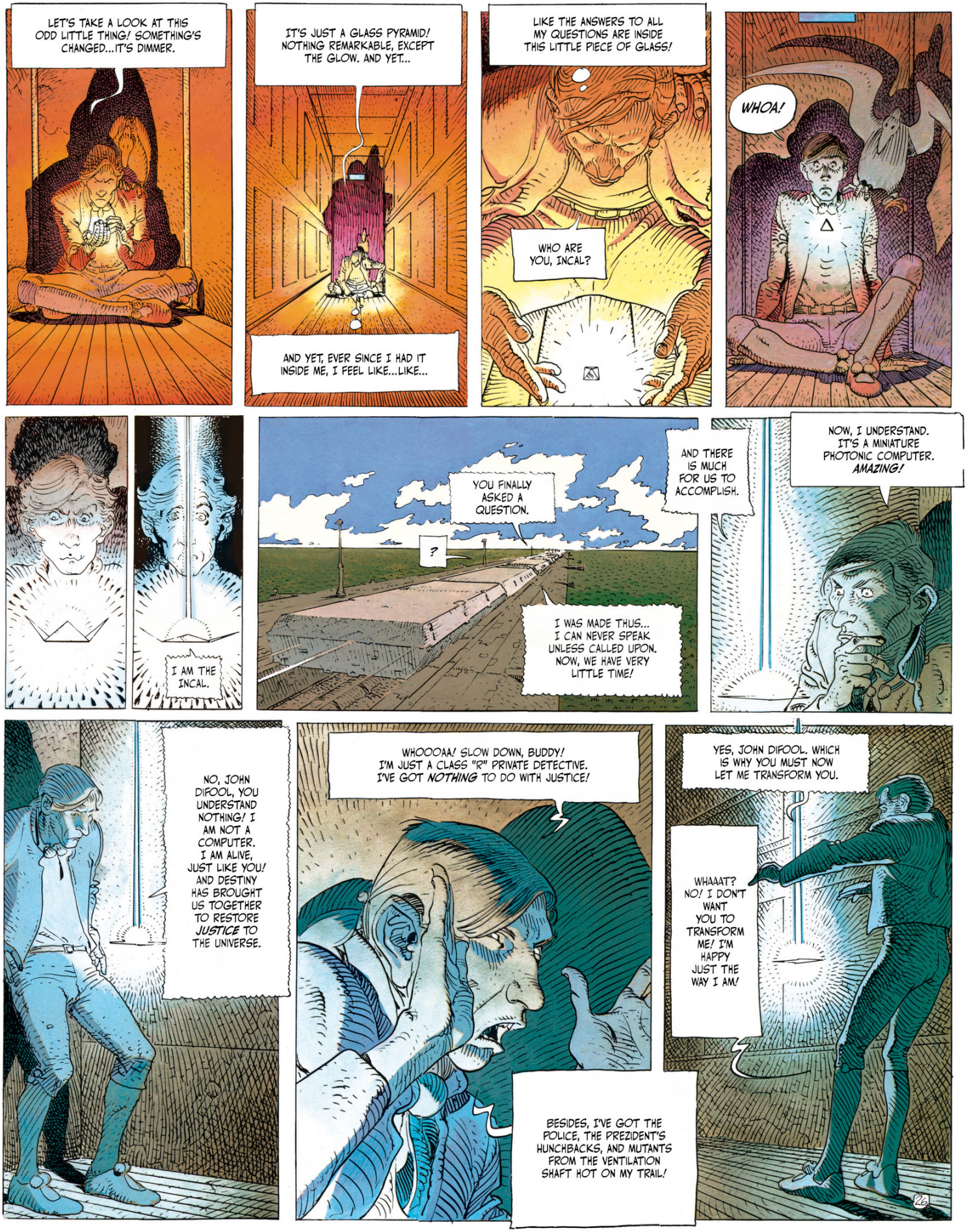

SLOW DOWN, YOUR SUPREME HIGHNESS! HUFF, PUFF!
I'M ANXIOUS TO BEHOLD THIS JOHN DIFOOL! IS HE HANDSOME, AT LEAST?
UHH...WE COULDN'T REALLY SAY, YOUR SUPREME HIGHNESS!
I WONDER WHY I DIDN'T JUST HAND THE DAMN INCAL THING OVER TO THEM, SINCE IT'S BROUGHT ME NOTHING BUT...NOTHING BUT...
WHATEVER YOU SAY.
HERE HE COMES!
AND DON'T FORGET TO CALL THE PREZ "YOUR SUPREME HIGHNESS." GOT IT?
WELL, WELL WELL! JOHN DIFOOL, AM I RIGHT?
NOTHING BUT TROU-BLE!
YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT... JOHN DIFOOL!
"YOUR SUPREME HIGHNESS," IDIOT!
KIIIE!
CROO
TAKE IT EASY, BOYS. JOHN DIFOOL IS MY SPECIAL GUEST TODAY. YOU MUST TREAT HIM GENTLY, WITH MERCY AND INDULGENCE.
LATER, AS THEY RECLINE IN COMFORT ON CUSHIONS OF LIGHT.
COUGH, COUGH! THIS CIGARETTE'S BURNING MY LUNGS! UHH...THE OBJECT YOU SAY I HAVE IN MY POSSESSION? I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE REFERRING TO, YOUR SUPREME HIGHNESS?
LOOK AT THAT LIGHT.
GOOD HEAVENS!
JOHN DIFOOL, MY PATIENCE HAS ITS--
--ITS LIMITS?
CROOO
CROOO
LOOK, YOUR SUPREME HIGHNESS! HE'S GLOWING!
THAT'S ILLEGAL! HE'S NOT AN ARISTO!
SCANDALOUS!

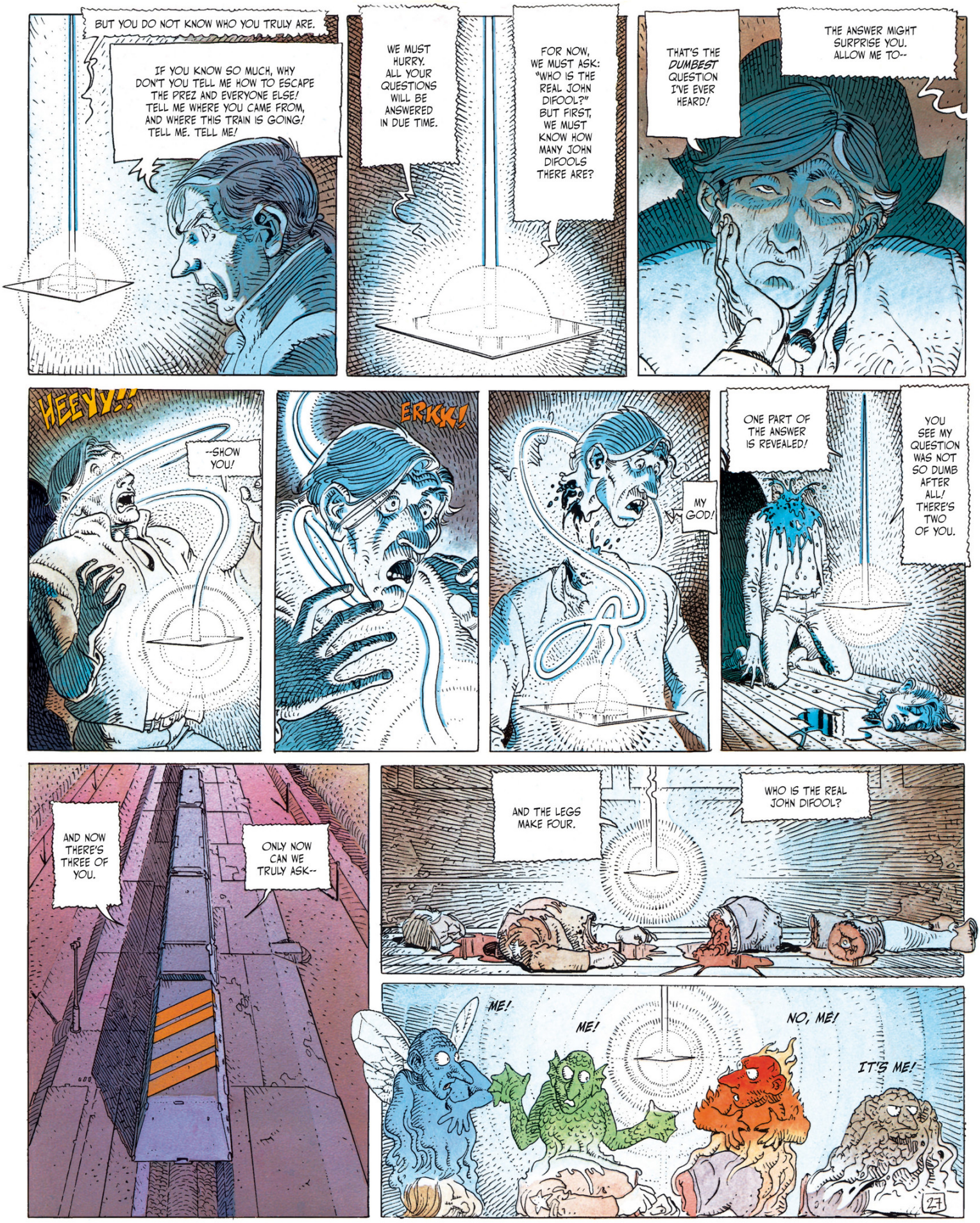

IT'S TRUE! I'M *GLOWING* LIKE A NEON SIGN.
NOT ONLY THAT, BUT I FEEL A STRANGE FORCE PULLING ME INTO THE AIR.
UNBELIEVABLE!
AMAZING!
BUT... I'M FLYING!
HE'S FLYING!
?
CROT
YEARGGH! I'M BURNING.
IT'S ALL BURNING! THE WHOLE FLOATING PALACE IS ON FIRE!
IN THE NAME OF THE EMPIRE, *SHUT HIM UP!*
AND YOU! OUR MIGHTY LEADER, I SEE YOU WALLOWING IN MUD! I-- ARGH!
22 BIS

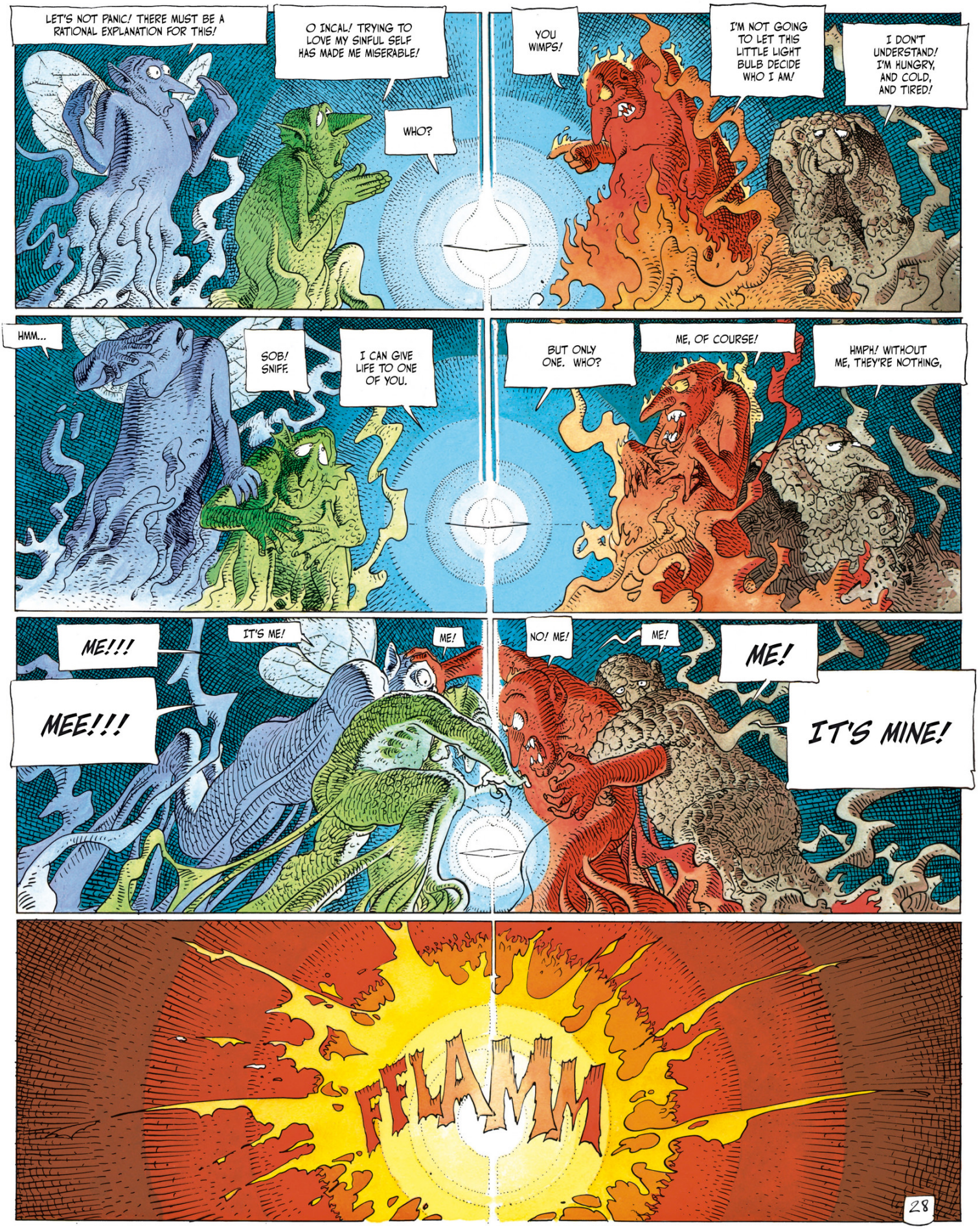

THIS...THIS ALCOHOL! I FEEL...I FEEL SICK! OOOH!
SUMMON MY HUNCHBACKS!
OHH?!
DDDGLLARG
HIS SUPREME HIGHNESS!
THIS IS SCANDAL-OUS!
THE INCAL!
BRING PERFUME!
AND TOWELS!
THE INCAL! IT'S THE INCAL! HE SWALLOWED IT!
GRAB HIM! QUICK!
HUH?!
DON'T LET HIM ESCAPE!
BLOCK THE EXITS!
OOOOHH
SEARCH THE CORRIDORS!
NOW WHAT?
THAT WAY! I SAW HIM!
THERE HE IS!
HE WENT THROUGH THERE!
JUST WHAT THE TECHNO-DOCTOR ORDERED!
23

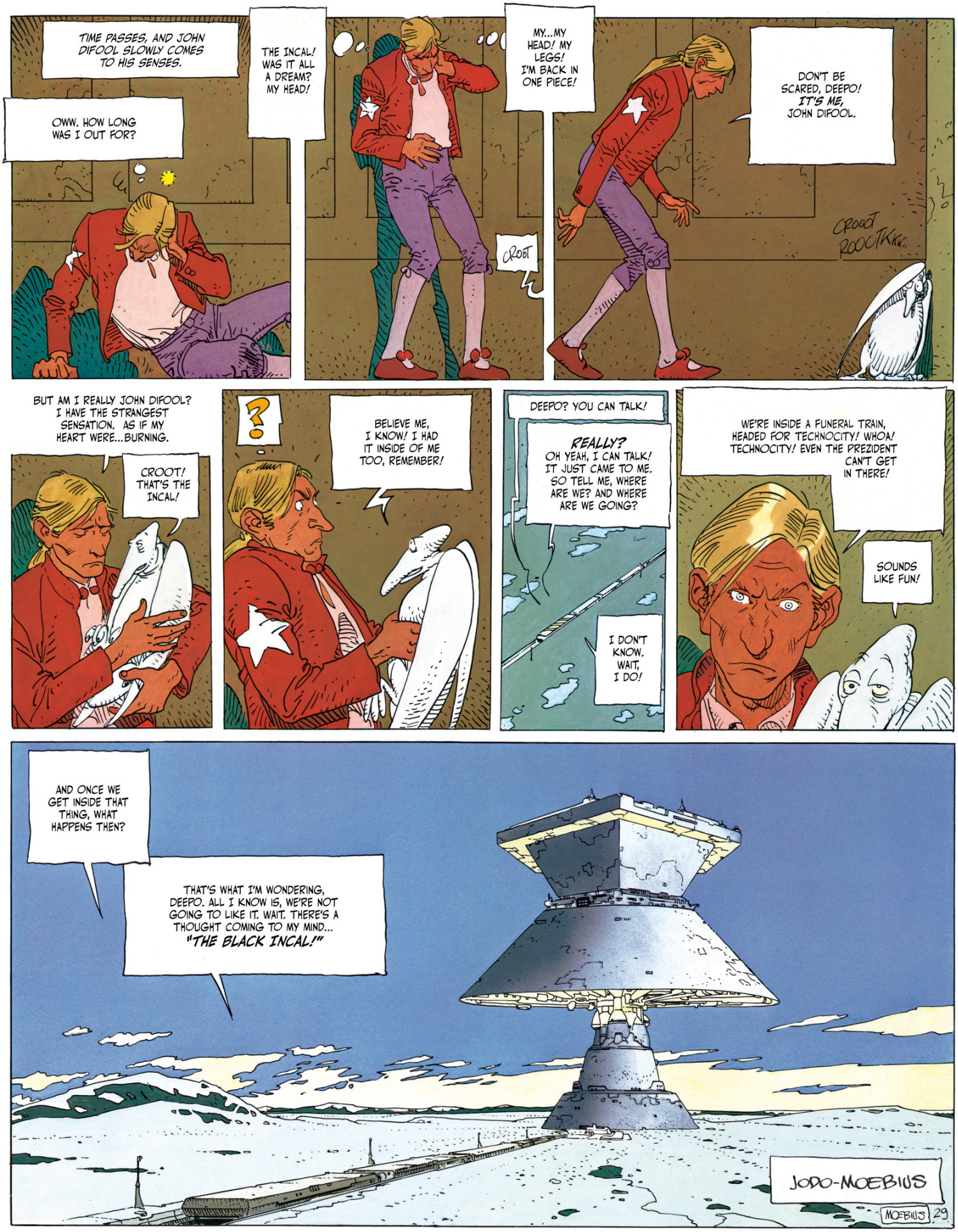

THERE HE IS!
WE'VE GOT HIM NOW!
HE'S SURROUNDED!
IT'S HIM!
HE'S TRAPPED!
HIS SUPREME HIGHNESS'S SHIP IS CALIBRATED TO HIS PERSONAL BRAIN SIGNATURE!
HOW DO YOU START THIS THING?
I'LL JUST HIT SOMETHING AT RANDOM! I SENSE... SOMEHOW...
YES, THIS IS IT!
WITH A LOW WHISTLE, THE CRAFT SUDDENLY LAUNCHES AT THE AIRLOCK.
IT'S WORKING!
ZZIIIFFFFFFF
WHAT!? HOW COULD HE--
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
GET DOWN!
WATCH OUT!
FIND HIM! KILL HIM IF NECESSARY, BUT DON'T DAMAGE THE INCAL! BE CAREFUL, HIS METABOLISM HAS CHANGED, HIS LIFE FORCE INCREASED TENFOLD BY THE INCAL'S POWER INSIDE HIM! HE'S NOT THE SAME MAN HE WAS BEFORE!
WE'VE SPOTTED THE CRAFT, YOUR SUPREME HIGHNESS.
AN INTERCEPTOR SQUAD! HE'S PULLING OUT ALL THE STOPS! FINE, YOUR SUPREME HIGHNESS, I'M READY TO PLAY IF YOU ARE.


THAT FOOL THINKS HE CAN HIDE IN THE CLOUDS!
HE'S FLYING AT GROUND LEVEL, BELOW OUR RADAR!
BUT THE PILOTS HAVE A SURPRISE WAITING.
THERE HE IS!
THE SHIP'S FLYING ON AUTO-PILOT! WHERE DID HE GO?
DAMN IT! THE COCKPIT'S EMPTY!
HIS SUPREME HIGHNESS WILL BE FURIOUS. THE POLICE WILL HAVE TO TAKE OVER THE SEARCH!
GOOD LUCK TO THEM!
THEY'VE GIVEN UP! I'M SAVED!
CROOOT!
HMM...SAVED? MORE LIKE TRAPPED! INSIDE A TRAIN THAT'S PROBABLY TAKING ME STRAIGHT TO MY DOOM! ALTHOUGH... I SOMEHOW FEEL I'M HEADED THE RIGHT DIRECTION.
25

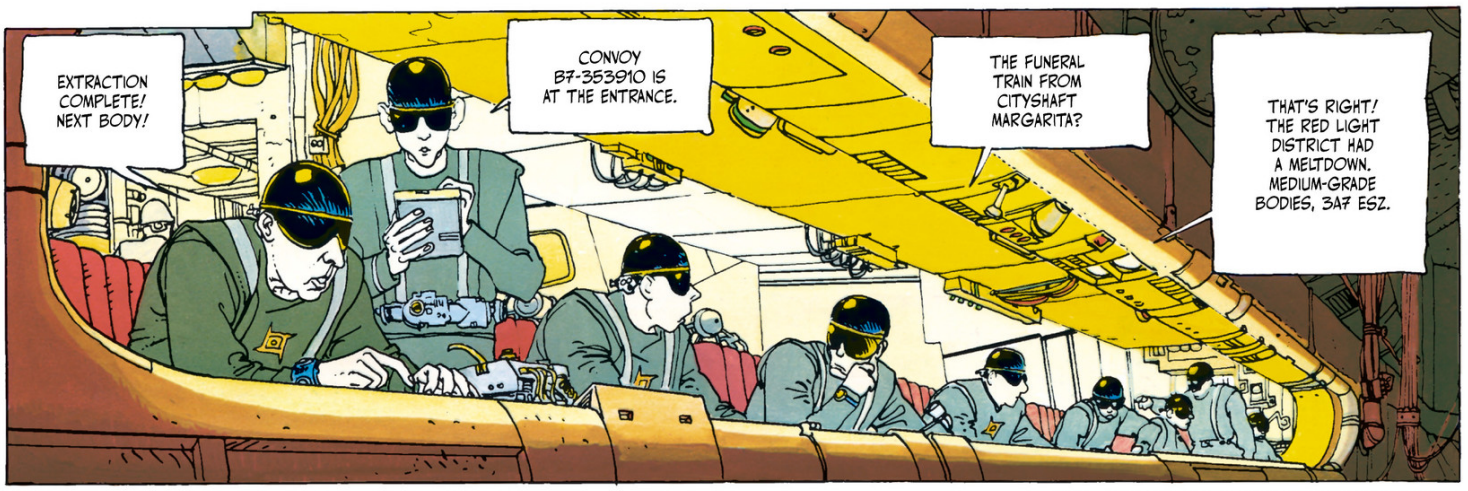

LET'S TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ODD LITTLE THING! SOMETHING'S CHANGED...IT'S DIMMER.
IT'S JUST A GLASS PYRAMID! NOTHING REMARKABLE, EXCEPT THE GLOW. AND YET...
AND YET, EVER SINCE I HAD IT INSIDE ME, I FEEL LIKE...LIKE...
LIKE THE ANSWERS TO ALL MY QUESTIONS ARE INSIDE THIS LITTLE PIECE OF GLASS!
WHO ARE YOU, INCAL?
WHOA!
I AM THE INCAL.
YOU FINALLY ASKED A QUESTION.
?
I WAS MADE THUS... I CAN NEVER SPEAK UNLESS CALLED UPON. NOW, WE HAVE VERY LITTLE TIME!
AND THERE IS MUCH FOR US TO ACCOMPLISH.
NOW, I UNDERSTAND. IT'S A MINIATURE PHOTONIC COMPUTER. AMAZING!
NO, JOHN DIFOOL, YOU UNDERSTAND NOTHING! I AM NOT A COMPUTER. I AM ALIVE, JUST LIKE YOU! AND DESTINY HAS BROUGHT US TOGETHER TO RESTORE JUSTICE TO THE UNIVERSE.
WHOOOAA! SLOW DOWN, BUDDY! I'M JUST A CLASS "R" PRIVATE DETECTIVE. I'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH JUSTICE!
BESIDES, I'VE GOT THE POLICE, THE PREZIDENT'S HUNCHBACKS, AND MUTANTS FROM THE VENTILATION SHAFT HOT ON MY TRAIL!
YES, JOHN DIFOOL. WHICH IS WHY YOU MUST NOW LET ME TRANSFORM YOU.
WHAAAT? NO! I DON'T WANT YOU TO TRANSFORM ME! I'M HAPPY JUST THE WAY I AM!
26

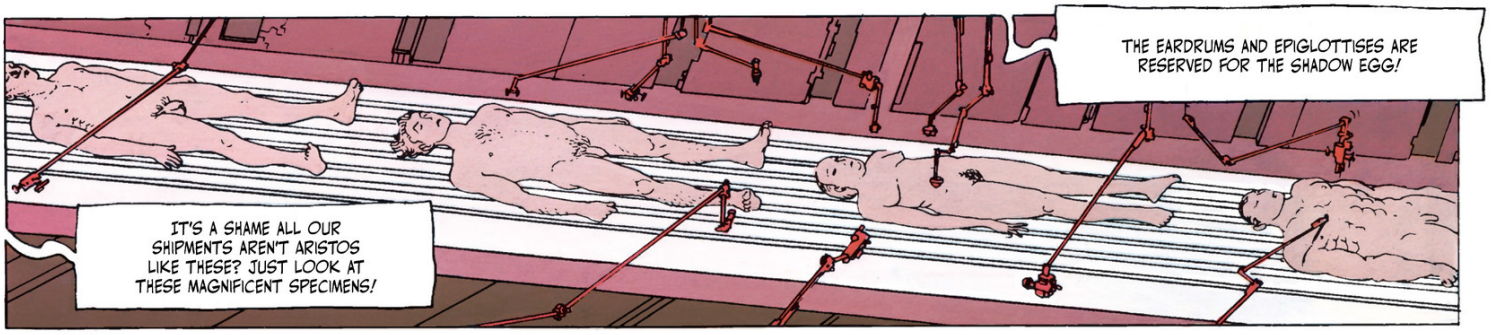

BUT YOU DO NOT KNOW WHO YOU TRULY ARE.
IF YOU KNOW SO MUCH, WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME HOW TO ESCAPE THE PREZ AND EVERYONE ELSE! TELL ME WHERE YOU CAME FROM, AND WHERE THIS TRAIN IS GOING! TELL ME. TELL ME!
WE MUST HURRY. ALL YOUR QUESTIONS WILL BE ANSWERED IN DUE TIME.
FOR NOW, WE MUST ASK: "WHO IS THE REAL JOHN DIFOOL?" BUT FIRST, WE MUST KNOW HOW MANY JOHN DIFOOLS THERE ARE?
THAT'S THE *DUMBEST* QUESTION I'VE EVER HEARD!
THE ANSWER MIGHT SURPRISE YOU. ALLOW ME TO--
HEEYY!!
--SHOW YOU!
ERKK!
MY GOD!
ONE PART OF THE ANSWER IS REVEALED!
YOU SEE MY QUESTION WAS NOT SO DUMB AFTER ALL! THERE'S TWO OF YOU.
AND NOW THERE'S THREE OF YOU.
ONLY NOW CAN WE TRULY ASK--
AND THE LEGS MAKE FOUR.
WHO IS THE REAL JOHN DIFOOL?
ME!
ME!
NO, ME!
IT'S ME!
27

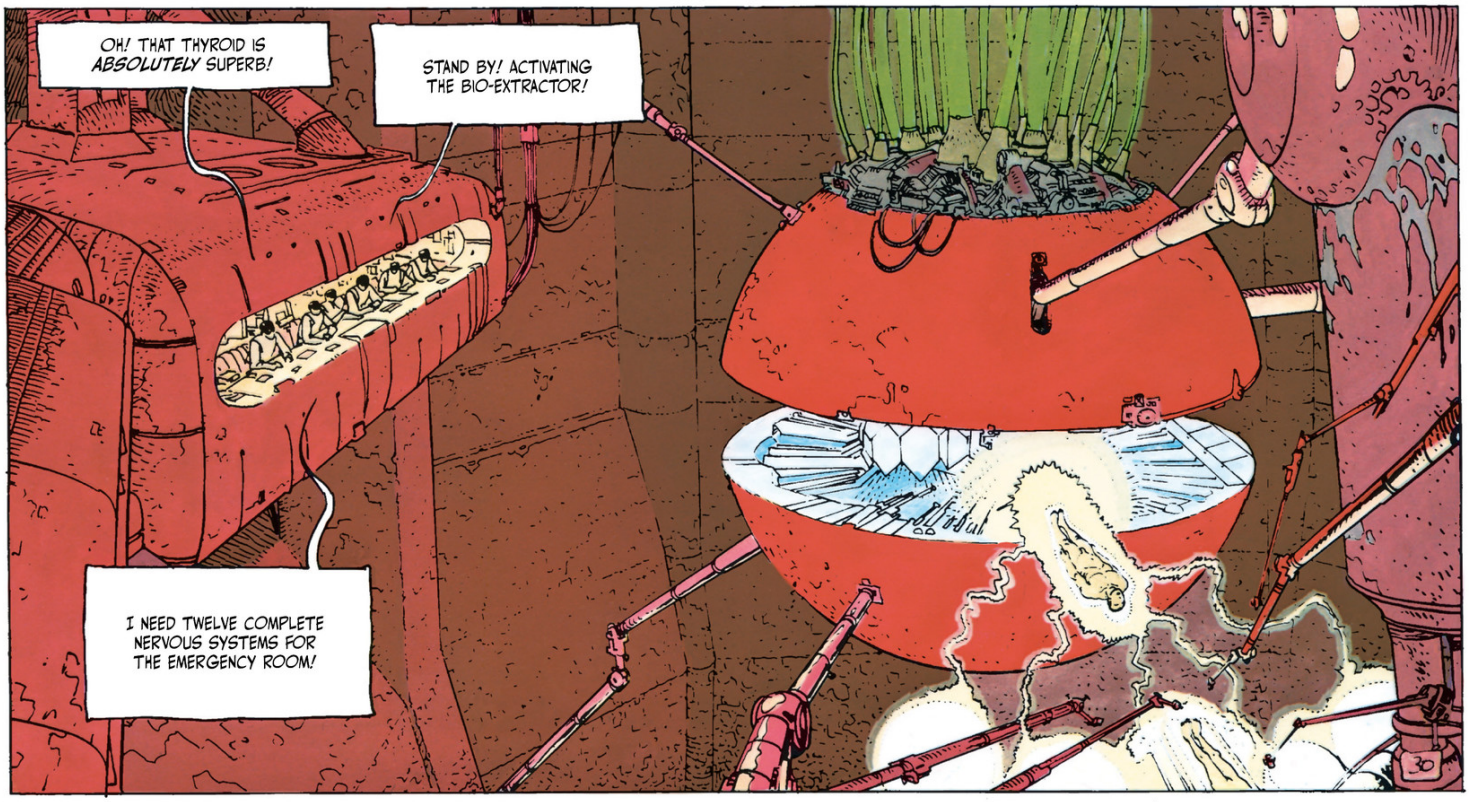

LET'S NOT PANIC! THERE MUST BE A RATIONAL EXPLANATION FOR THIS!
O INCAL! TRYING TO LOVE MY SINFUL SELF HAS MADE ME MISERABLE!
WHO?
YOU WIMPS!
I'M NOT GOING TO LET THIS LITTLE LIGHT BULB DECIDE WHO I AM!
I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I'M HUNGRY, AND COLD, AND TIRED!
HMM...
SOB! SNIFF.
I CAN GIVE LIFE TO ONE OF YOU.
BUT ONLY ONE. WHO?
ME, OF COURSE!
HMPH! WITHOUT ME, THEY'RE NOTHING,
ME!!!
IT'S ME!
ME!
MEE!!!
NO! ME!
ME!
ME!
IT'S MINE!
FLAMM

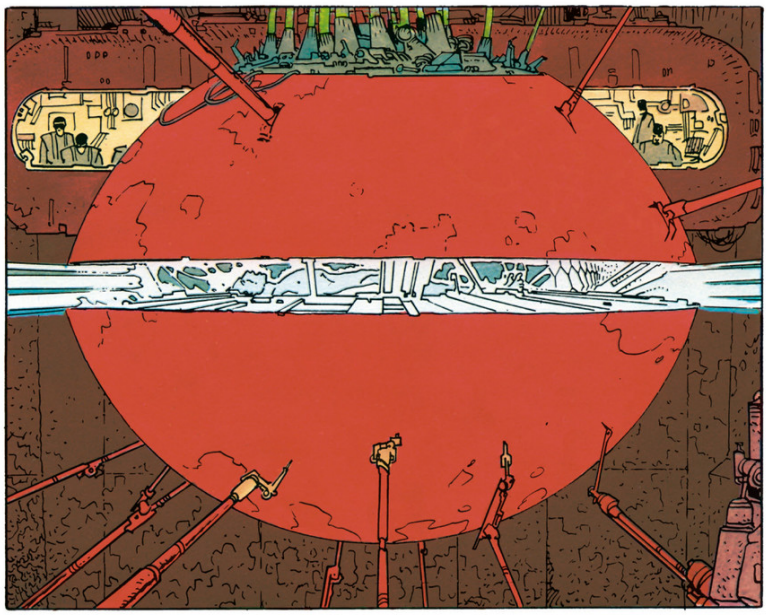

TIME PASSES, AND JOHN DIFOOL SLOWLY COMES TO HIS SENSES.
OWW. HOW LONG WAS I OUT FOR?
THE INCAL! WAS IT ALL A DREAM? MY HEAD!
MY...MY HEAD! MY LEGS! I'M BACK IN ONE PIECE!
CROOT
DON'T BE SCARED, DEEPO! IT'S ME, JOHN DIFOOL.
CROOT ROOCTKKK...
BUT AM I REALLY JOHN DIFOOL? I HAVE THE STRANGEST SENSATION. AS IF MY HEART WERE...BURNING.
CROOT! THAT'S THE INCAL!
?
BELIEVE ME, I KNOW! I HAD IT INSIDE OF ME TOO, REMEMBER!
DEEPO? YOU CAN TALK!
REALLY? OH YEAH, I CAN TALK! IT JUST CAME TO ME. SO TELL ME, WHERE ARE WE? AND WHERE ARE WE GOING?
I DON'T KNOW. WAIT, I DO!
WE'RE INSIDE A FUNERAL TRAIN, HEADED FOR TECHNOCITY! WHOA! TECHNOCITY! EVEN THE PREZIDENT CAN'T GET IN THERE!
SOUNDS LIKE FUN!
AND ONCE WE GET INSIDE THAT THING, WHAT HAPPENS THEN?
THAT'S WHAT I'M WONDERING, DEEPO. ALL I KNOW IS, WE'RE NOT GOING TO LIKE IT. WAIT. THERE'S A THOUGHT COMING TO MY MIND... "THE BLACK INCAL!"
JODO-MOEBIUS
MOEBIUS 29

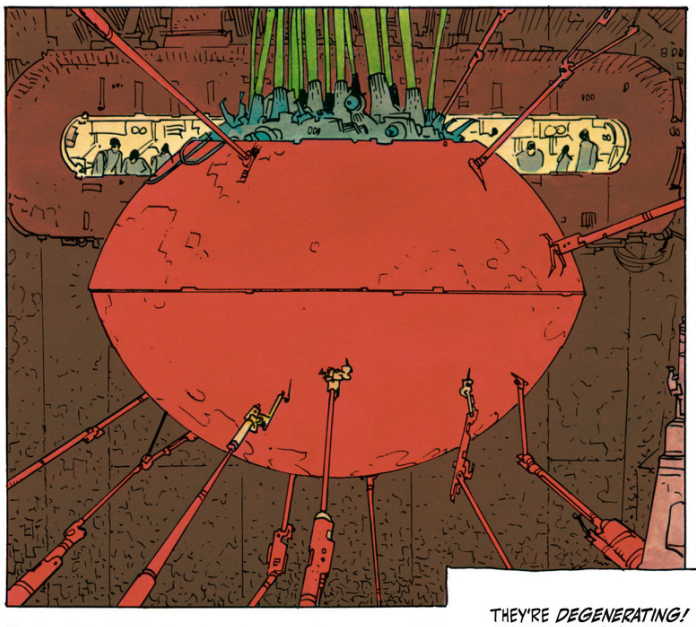
TECHNO SCIENCE

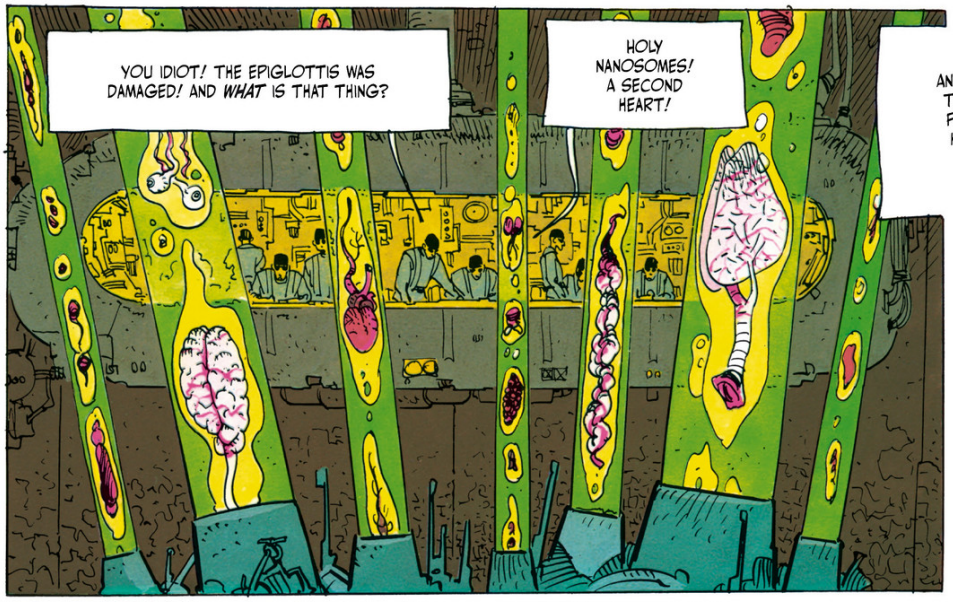

EXTRACTION COMPLETE! NEXT BODY!
CONVOY B7-353910 IS AT THE ENTRANCE.
THE FUNERAL TRAIN FROM CITYSHAFT MARGARITA?
THAT'S RIGHT! THE RED LIGHT DISTRICT HAD A MELTDOWN. MEDIUM-GRADE BODIES, 3A7 ESZ.


THE EARDRUMS AND EPIGLOTTISES ARE RESERVED FOR THE SHADOW EGG!
IT'S A SHAME ALL OUR SHIPMENTS AREN'T ARISTOS LIKE THESE? JUST LOOK AT THESE MAGNIFICENT SPECIMENS!

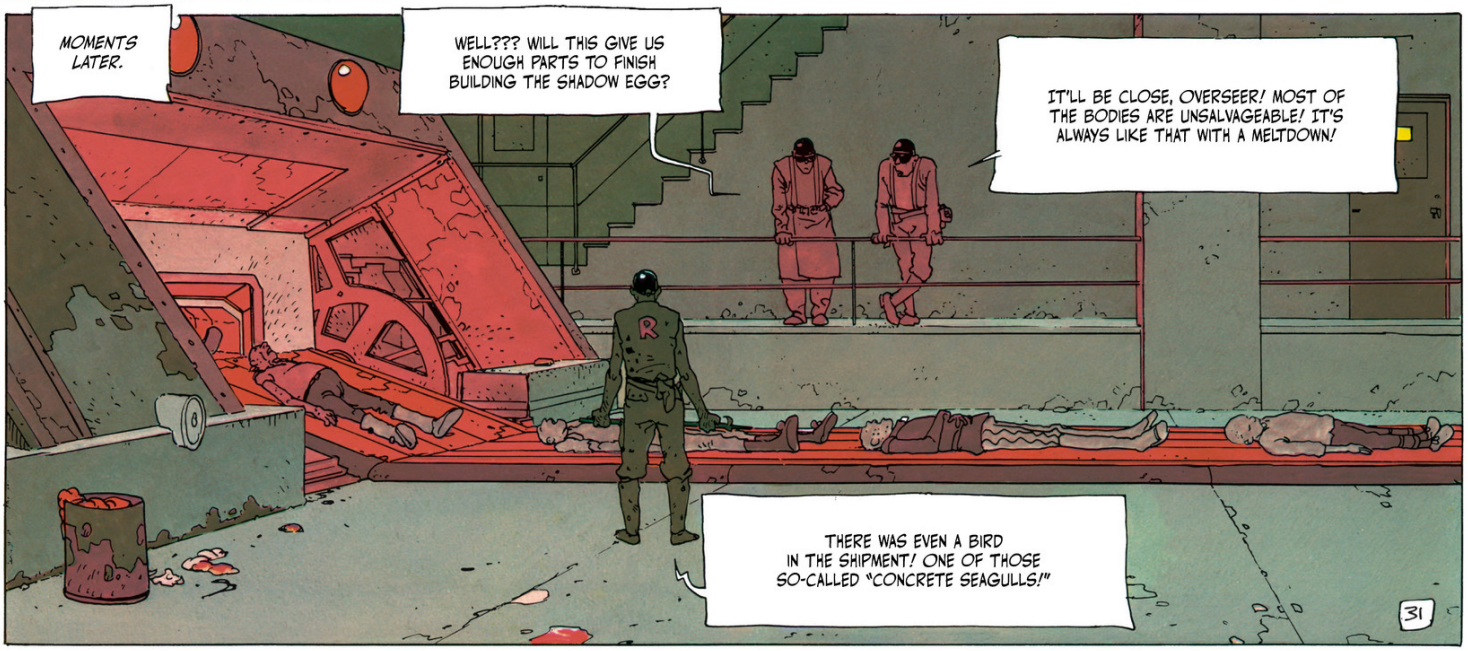

OH! THAT THYROID IS *ABSOLUTELY* SUPERB!
STAND BY! ACTIVATING THE BIO-EXTRACTOR!
I NEED TWELVE COMPLETE NERVOUS SYSTEMS FOR THE EMERGENCY ROOM!
30

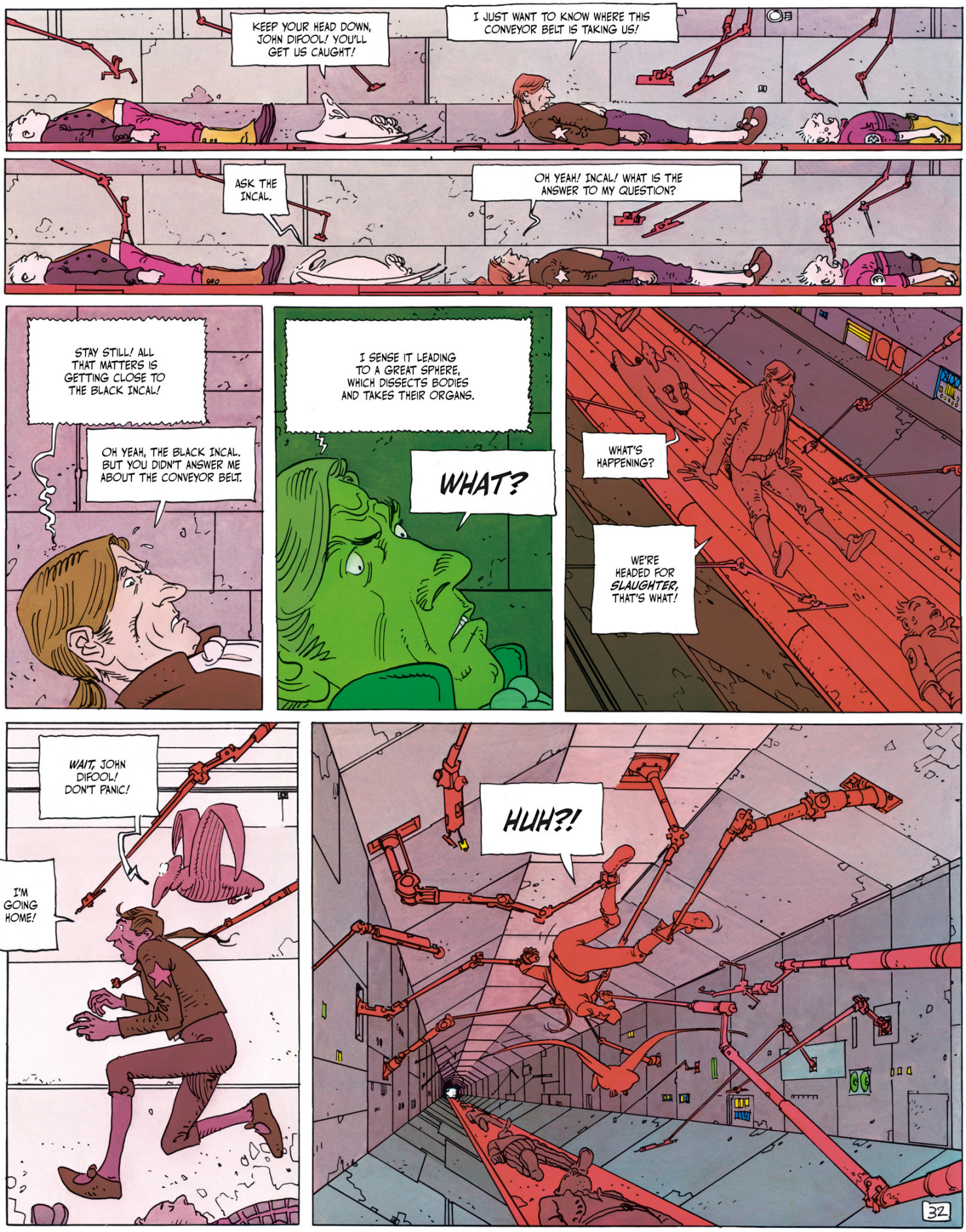


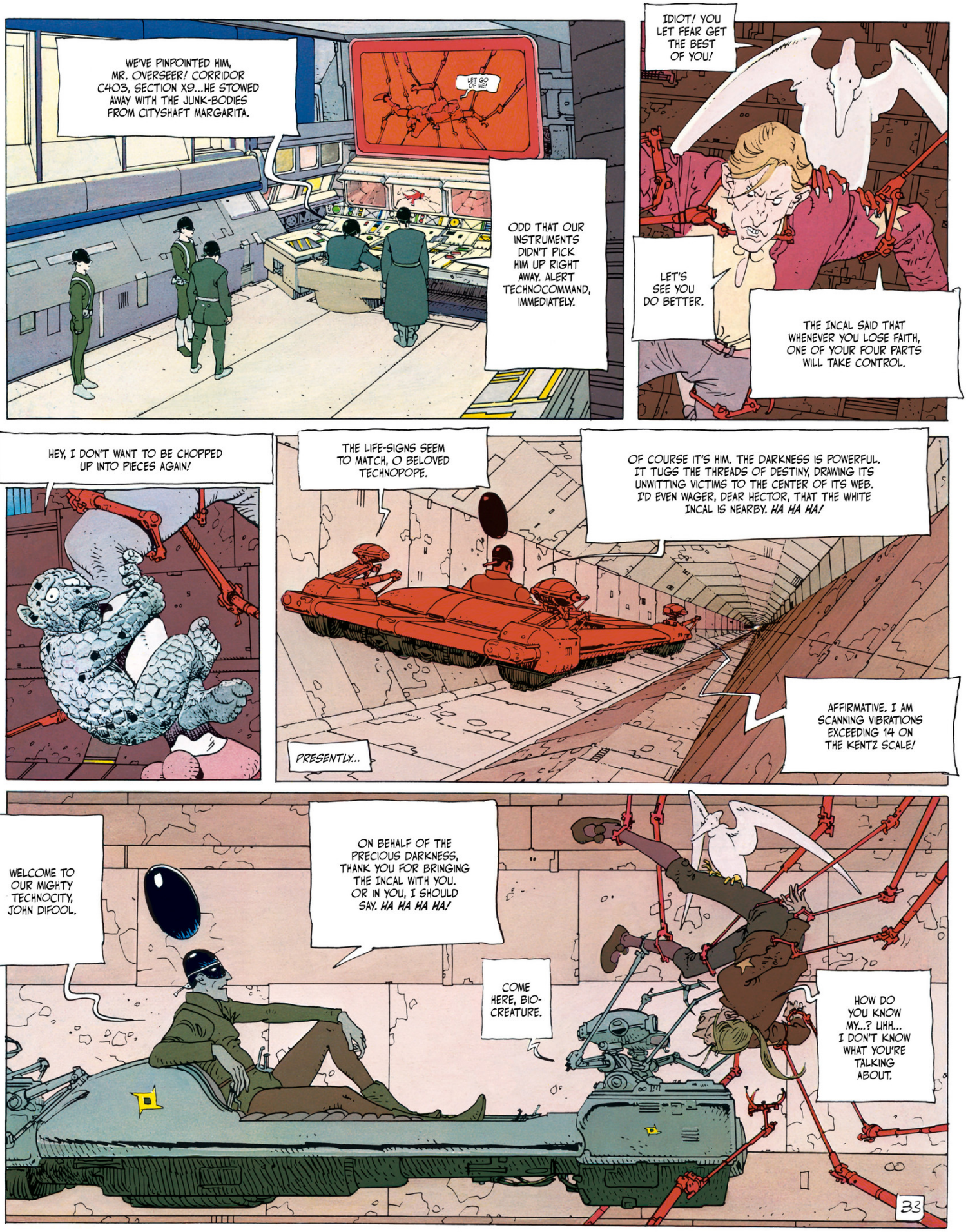


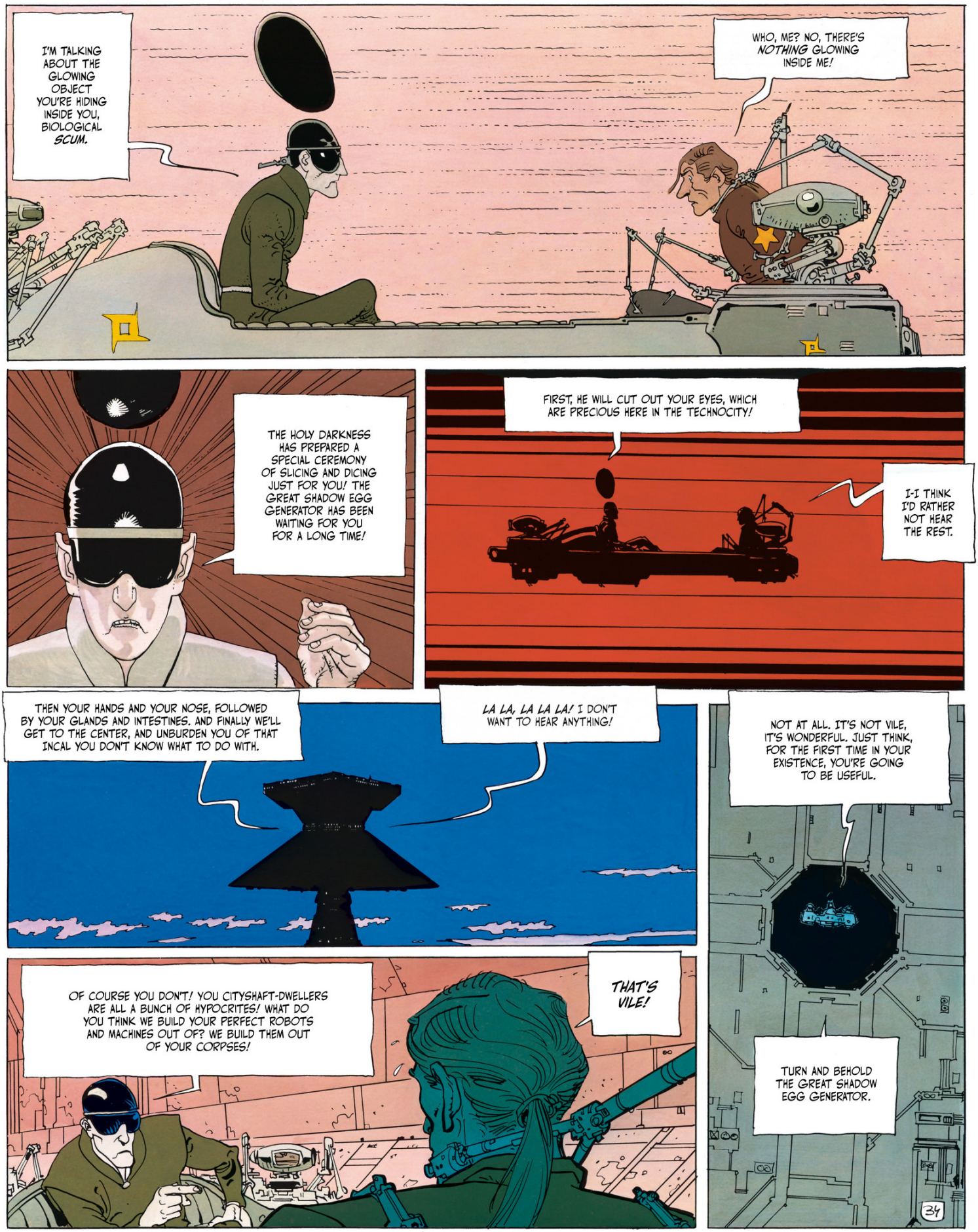

YOU IDIOT! THE EPIGLOTTIS WAS DAMAGED! AND *WHAT* IS THAT THING?
HOLY NANOSOMES! A SECOND HEART!

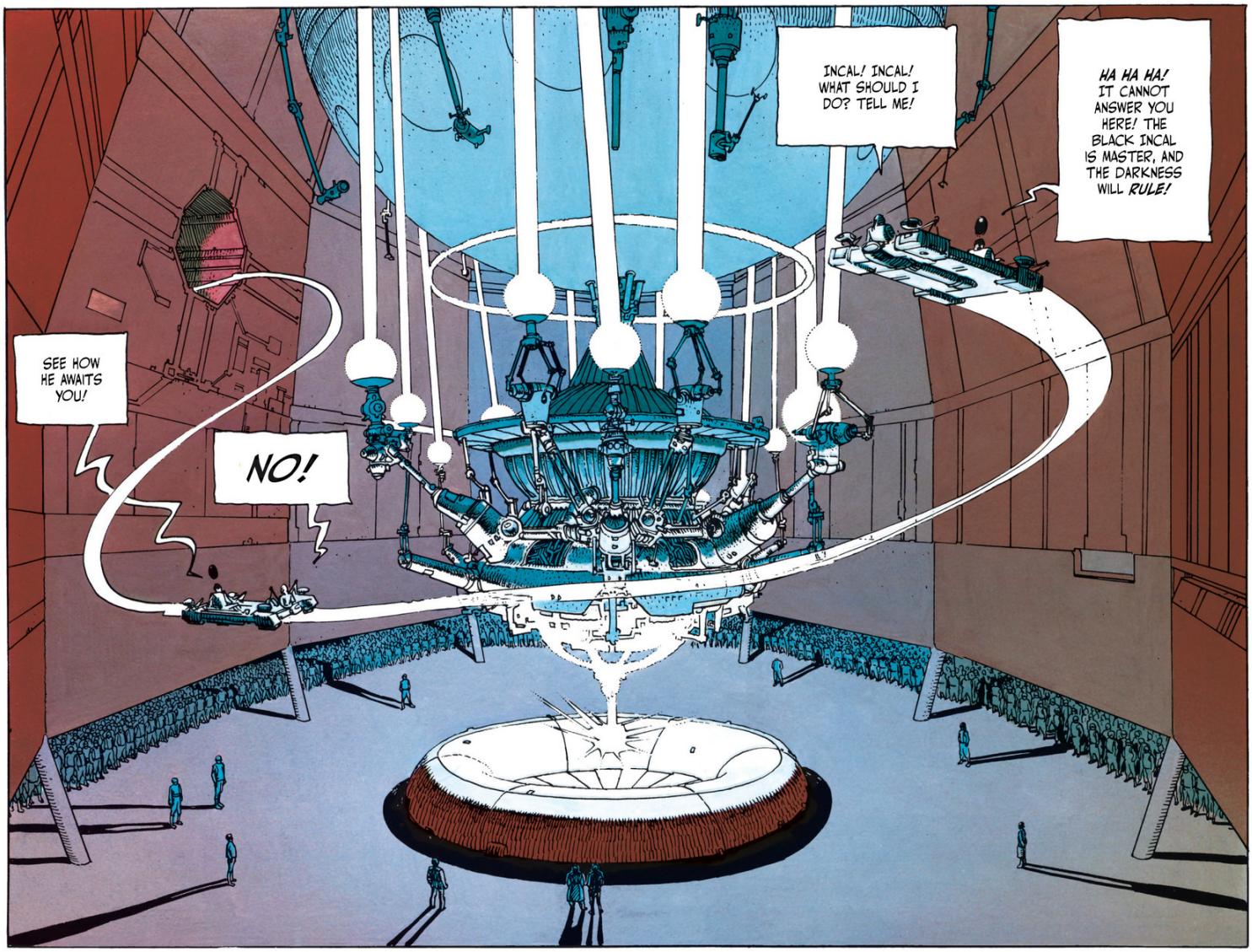
ANOTHER HIDDEN MUTATION! THEY'RE BECOMING MORE FREQUENT! YESTERDAY I HAD A WOMAN WITH TWO SPINAL CORDS!
THEY'RE *DEGENERATING!* CONTINUE THIS SHIPMENT, WHILE I SUPERVISE UNLOADING THE FUNERAL TRAIN!

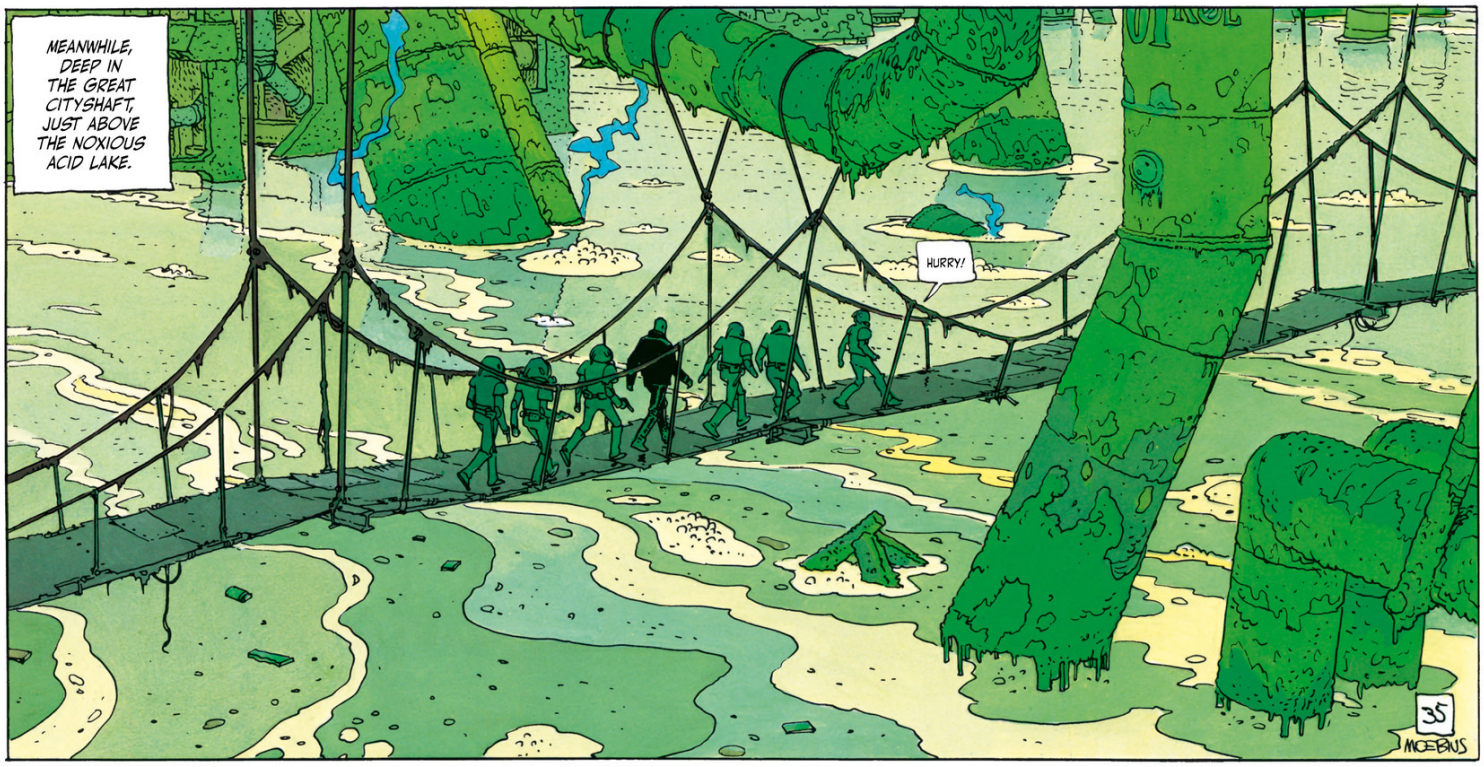

MOMENTS LATER.
WELL??? WILL THIS GIVE US ENOUGH PARTS TO FINISH BUILDING THE SHADOW EGG?
IT'LL BE CLOSE, OVERSEER! MOST OF THE BODIES ARE UNSALVAGEABLE! IT'S ALWAYS LIKE THAT WITH A MELTDOWN!
THERE WAS EVEN A BIRD IN THE SHIPMENT! ONE OF THOSE SO-CALLED "CONCRETE SEAGULLS!"


KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN, JOHN DIFOOL! YOU'LL GET US CAUGHT!
I JUST WANT TO KNOW WHERE THIS CONVEYOR BELT IS TAKING US!
ASK THE INCAL.
OH YEAH! INCAL! WHAT IS THE ANSWER TO MY QUESTION?
STAY STILL! ALL THAT MATTERS IS GETTING CLOSE TO THE BLACK INCAL!
OH YEAH, THE BLACK INCAL. BUT YOU DIDN'T ANSWER ME ABOUT THE CONVEYOR BELT.
I SENSE IT LEADING TO A GREAT SPHERE, WHICH DISSECTS BODIES AND TAKES THEIR ORGANS.
WHAT?
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
WE'RE HEADED FOR SLAUGHTER, THAT'S WHAT!
WAIT, JOHN DIFOOL! DON'T PANIC!
I'M GOING HOME!
HUH?!
32

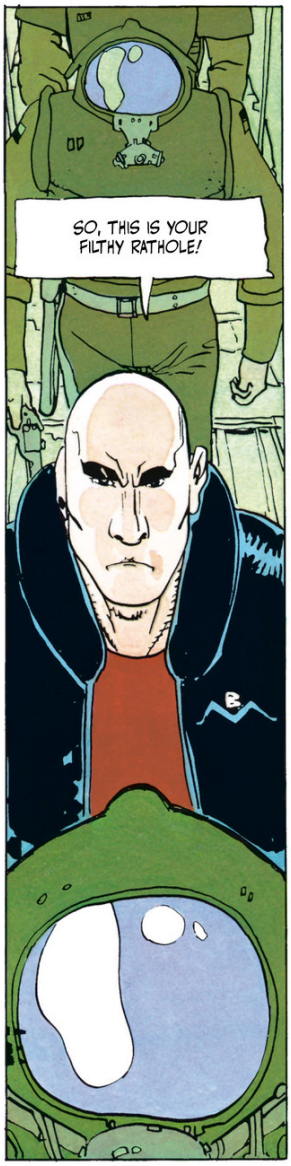

WE'VE PINPOINTED HIM, MR. OVERSEER! CORRIDOR C403, SECTION X9...HE STOWED AWAY WITH THE JUNK-BODIES FROM CITYSHAFT MARGARITA.
LET GO OF ME!
ODD THAT OUR INSTRUMENTS DIDN'T PICK HIM UP RIGHT AWAY. ALERT TECHNOCOMMAND, IMMEDIATELY.
IDIOT! YOU LET FEAR GET THE BEST OF YOU!
LET'S SEE YOU DO BETTER.
THE INCAL SAID THAT WHENEVER YOU LOSE FAITH, ONE OF YOUR FOUR PARTS WILL TAKE CONTROL.
HEY, I DON'T WANT TO BE CHOPPED UP INTO PIECES AGAIN!
THE LIFE-SIGNS SEEM TO MATCH, O BELOVED TECHNOPOPE.
OF COURSE IT'S HIM. THE DARKNESS IS POWERFUL. IT TUGS THE THREADS OF DESTINY, DRAWING ITS UNWITTING VICTIMS TO THE CENTER OF ITS WEB. I'D EVEN WAGER, DEAR HECTOR, THAT THE WHITE INCAL IS NEARBY. HA HA HA!
PRESENTLY...
AFFIRMATIVE. I AM SCANNING VIBRATIONS EXCEEDING 14 ON THE KENTZ SCALE!
WELCOME TO OUR MIGHTY TECHNOCITY, JOHN DIFOOL.
ON BEHALF OF THE PRECIOUS DARKNESS, THANK YOU FOR BRINGING THE INCAL WITH YOU. OR IN YOU, I SHOULD SAY. HA HA HA HA!
COME HERE, BIO-CREATURE.
HOW DO YOU KNOW MY...? UHH... I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.


I'M TALKING ABOUT THE GLOWING OBJECT YOU'RE HIDING INSIDE YOU, BIOLOGICAL *SCUM.*
WHO, ME? NO, THERE'S *NOTHING* GLOWING INSIDE ME!
THE HOLY DARKNESS HAS PREPARED A SPECIAL CEREMONY OF SLICING AND DICING JUST FOR YOU! THE GREAT SHADOW EGG GENERATOR HAS BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR A LONG TIME!
FIRST, HE WILL CUT OUT YOUR EYES, WHICH ARE PRECIOUS HERE IN THE TECHNOCITY!
I-I THINK I'D RATHER NOT HEAR THE REST.
THEN YOUR HANDS AND YOUR NOSE, FOLLOWED BY YOUR GLANDS AND INTESTINES. AND FINALLY WE'LL GET TO THE CENTER, AND UNBURDEN YOU OF THAT INCAL YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH.
LA LA, LA LA LA! I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ANYTHING!
NOT AT ALL. IT'S NOT VILE, IT'S WONDERFUL. JUST THINK, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN YOUR EXISTENCE, YOU'RE GOING TO BE USEFUL.
OF COURSE YOU DON'T! YOU CITYSHAFT-DWELLERS ARE ALL A BUNCH OF HYPOCRITES! WHAT DO YOU THINK WE BUILD YOUR PERFECT ROBOTS AND MACHINES OUT OF? WE BUILD THEM OUT OF YOUR CORPSES!
THAT'S VILE!
TURN AND BEHOLD THE GREAT SHADOW EGG GENERATOR.

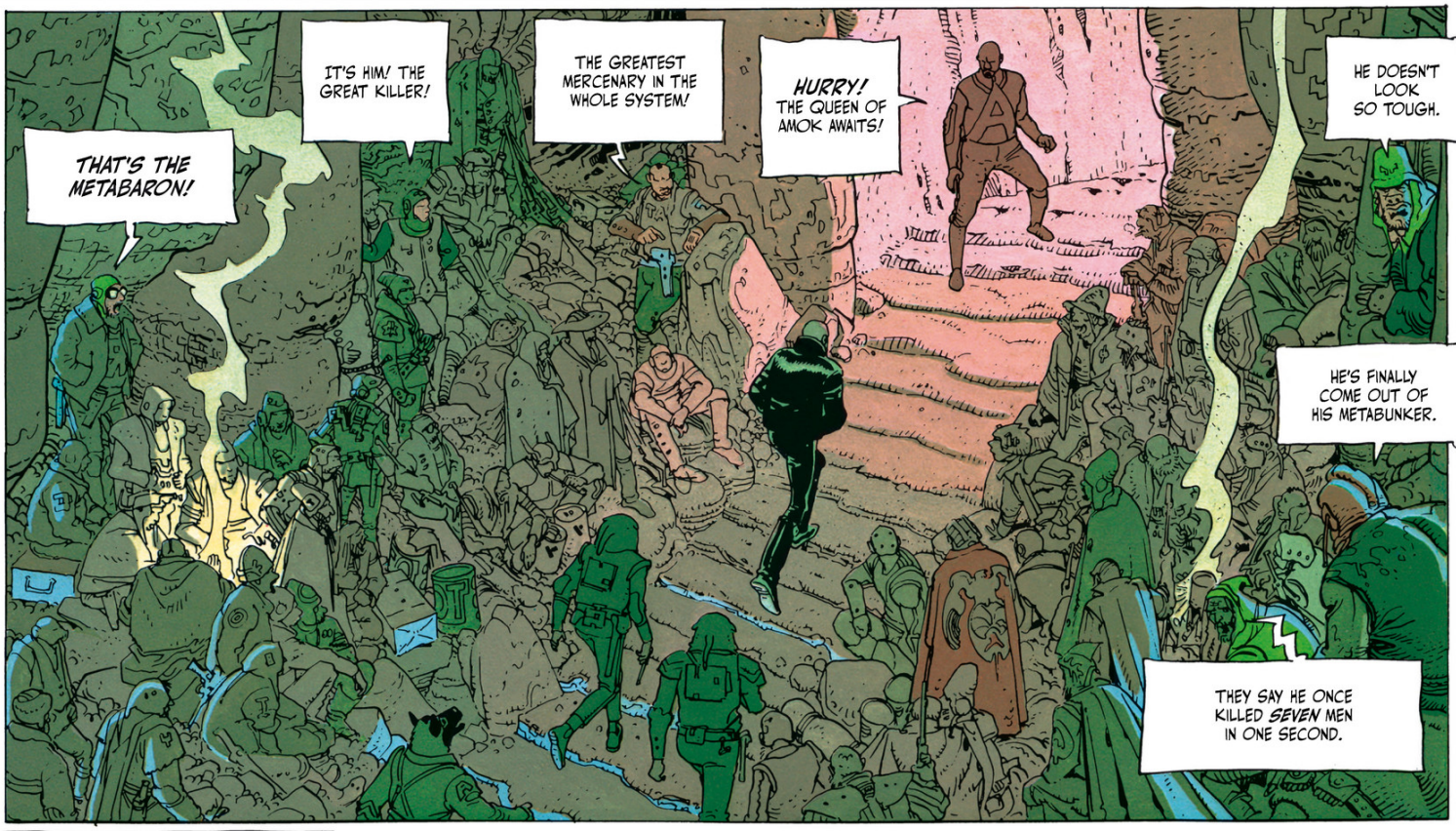

INCAL! INCAL! WHAT SHOULD I DO? TELL ME!
HA HA HA! IT CANNOT ANSWER YOU HERE! THE BLACK INCAL IS MASTER, AND THE DARKNESS WILL RULE!
SEE HOW HE AWAITS YOU!
NO!

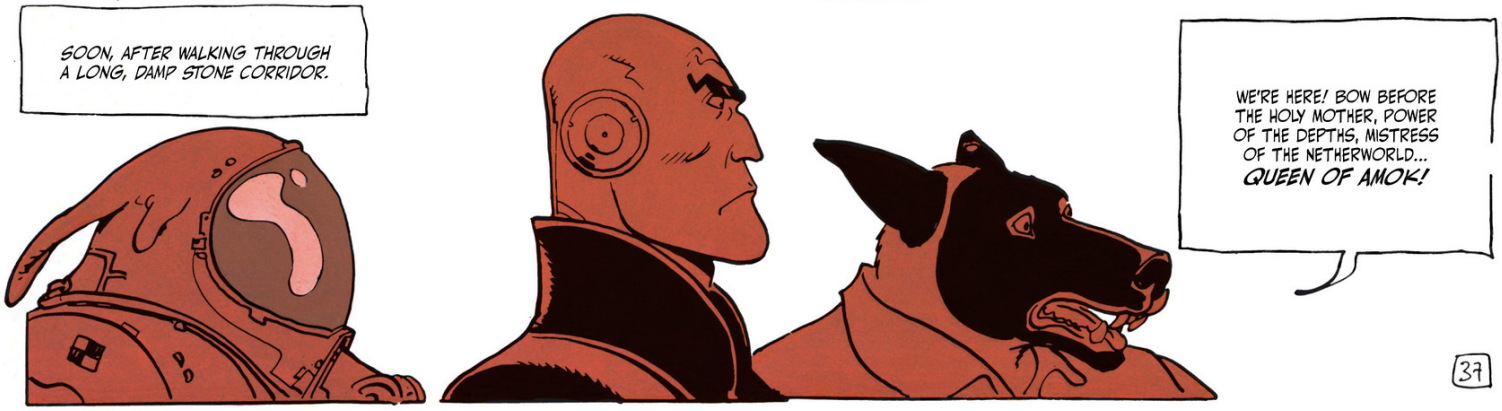

MEANWHILE, DEEP IN THE GREAT CITYSHAFT, JUST ABOVE THE NOXIOUS ACID LAKE.
HURRY!
35
MOEBIUS

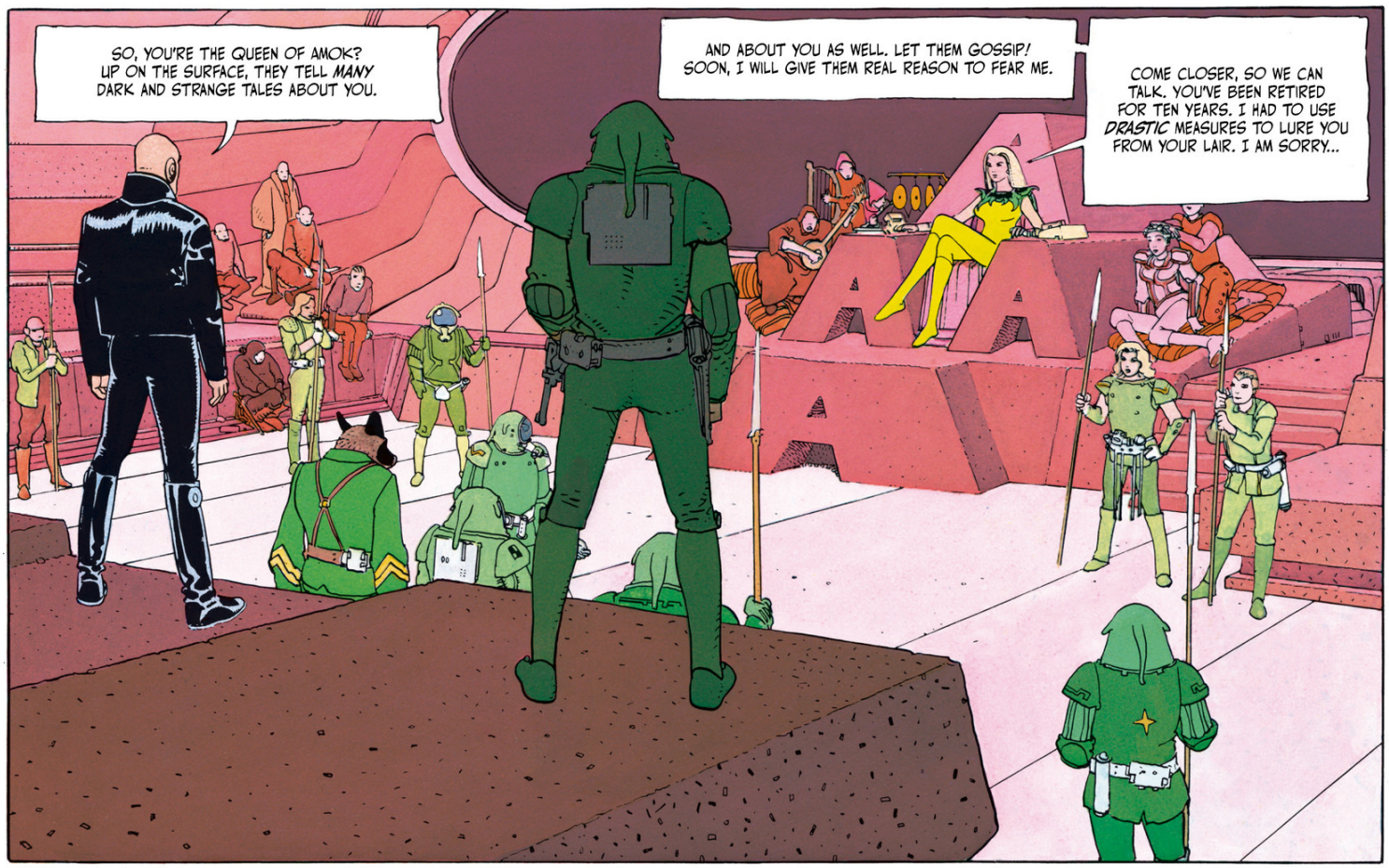
THE METABARON

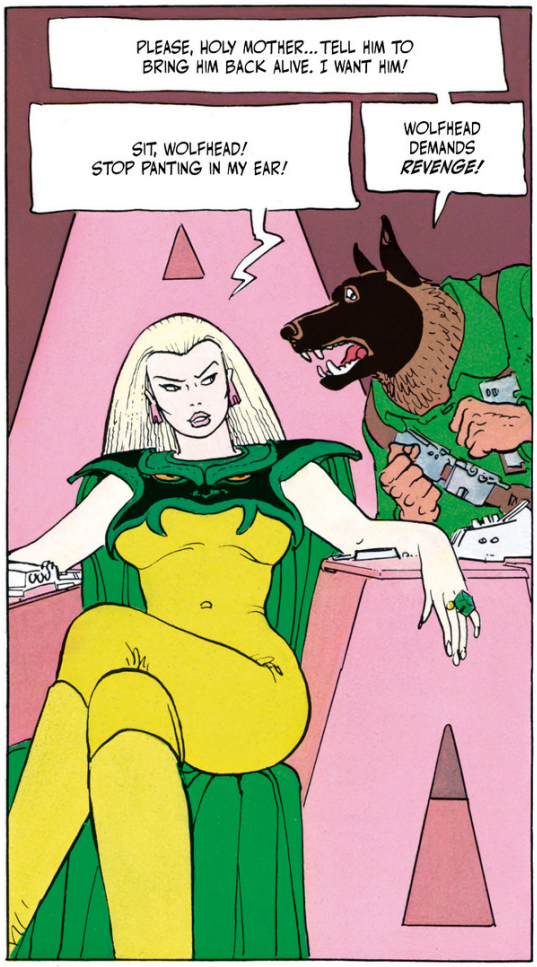


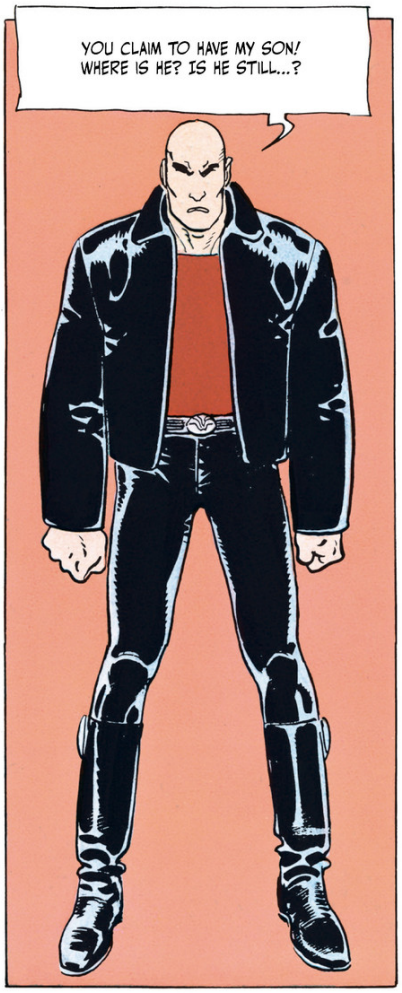
ENOUGH TALK! WHERE IS HE? HAS HE BEEN HARMED?
LET GO, METABARON!
HEH HEH! WOLFHEAD'S GOT HIM UPSET!
CALM DOWN, METABARON! I SWEAR BY THE HOLY MOTHER, YOUR SON IS SAFE!


THAT'S THE METABARON!
IT'S HIM! THE GREAT KILLER!
THE GREATEST MERCENARY IN THE WHOLE SYSTEM!
HURRY! THE QUEEN OF AMOK AWAITS!
HE DOESN'T LOOK SO TOUGH.
HE'S FINALLY COME OUT OF HIS METABUNKER.
THEY SAY HE ONCE KILLED SEVEN MEN IN ONE SECOND.

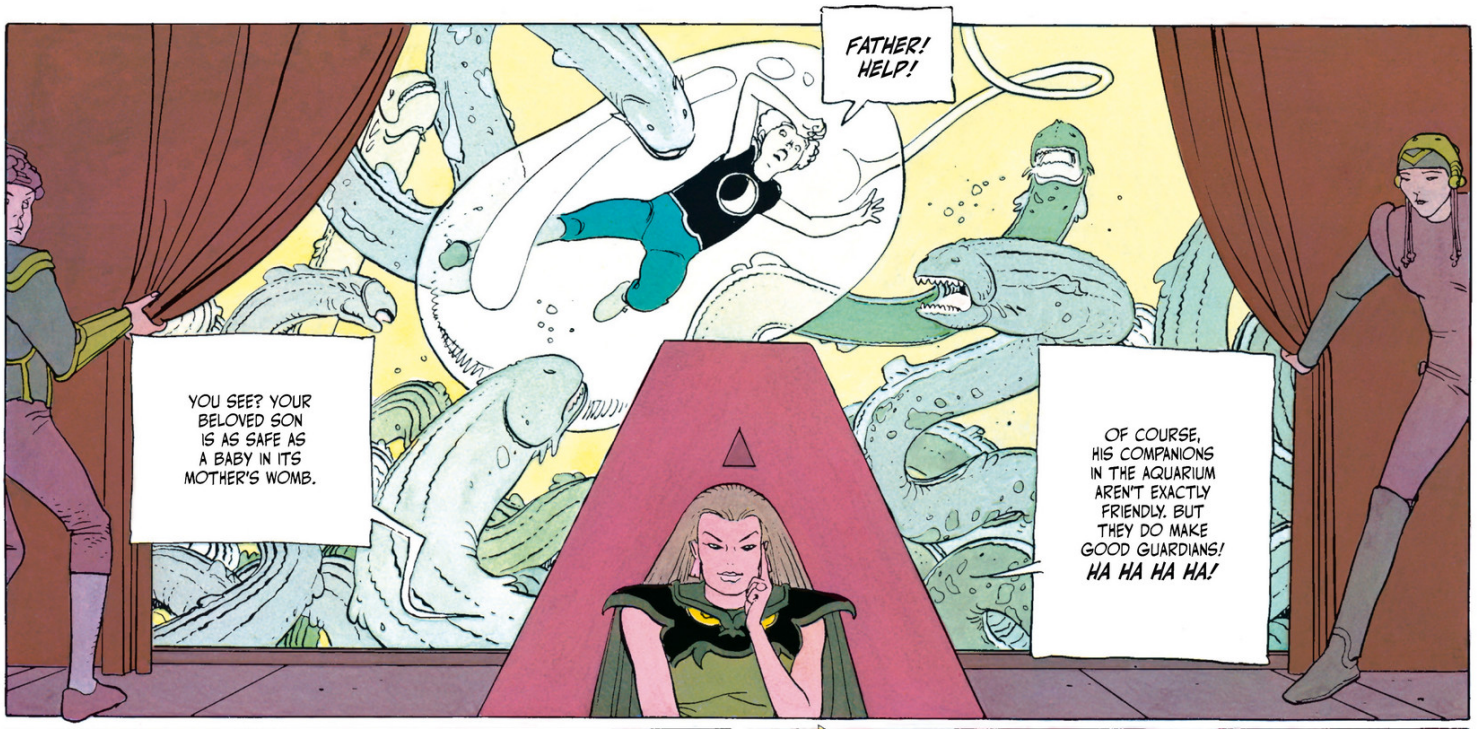

SOON, AFTER WALKING THROUGH A LONG, DAMP STONE CORRIDOR.
WE'RE HERE! BOW BEFORE THE HOLY MOTHER, POWER OF THE DEPTHS, MISTRESS OF THE NETHERWORLD... QUEEN OF AMOK!

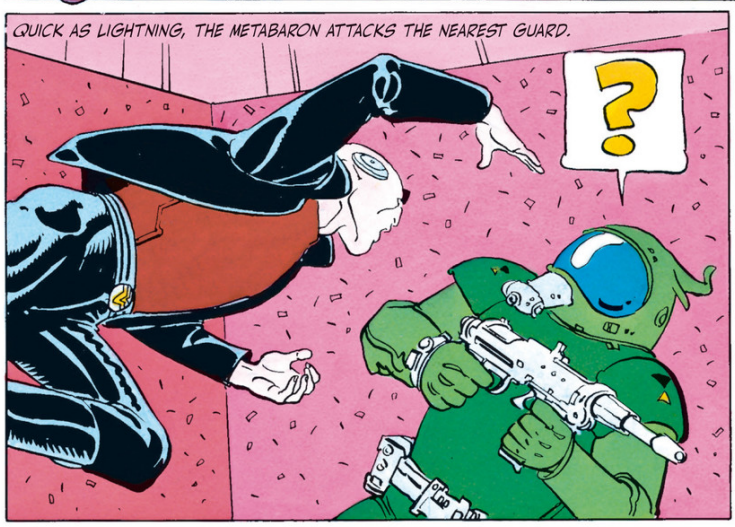

SO, YOU'RE THE QUEEN OF AMOK? UP ON THE SURFACE, THEY TELL *MANY* DARK AND STRANGE TALES ABOUT YOU.
AND ABOUT YOU AS WELL. LET THEM GOSSIP! SOON, I WILL GIVE THEM REAL REASON TO FEAR ME.
COME CLOSER, SO WE CAN TALK. YOU'VE BEEN RETIRED FOR TEN YEARS. I HAD TO USE *DRASTIC* MEASURES TO LURE YOU FROM YOUR LAIR. I AM SORRY...

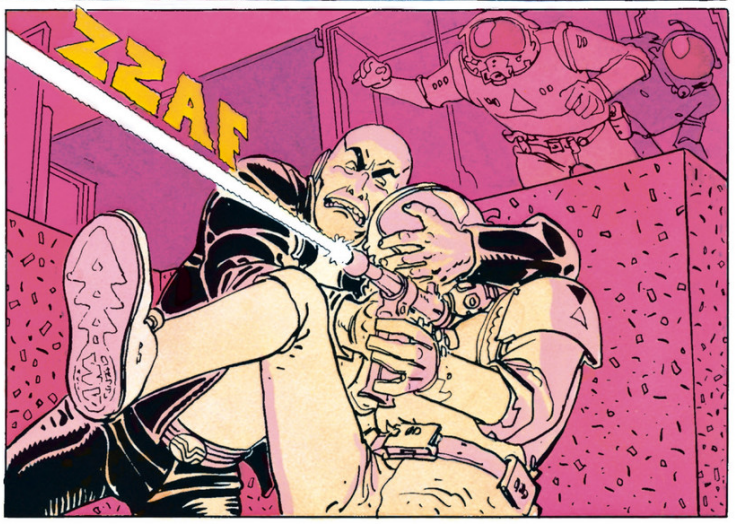

PLEASE, HOLY MOTHER... TELL HIM TO BRING HIM BACK ALIVE. I WANT HIM!
SIT, WOLFHEAD! STOP PANTING IN MY EAR!
WOLFHEAD DEMANDS *REVENGE!*

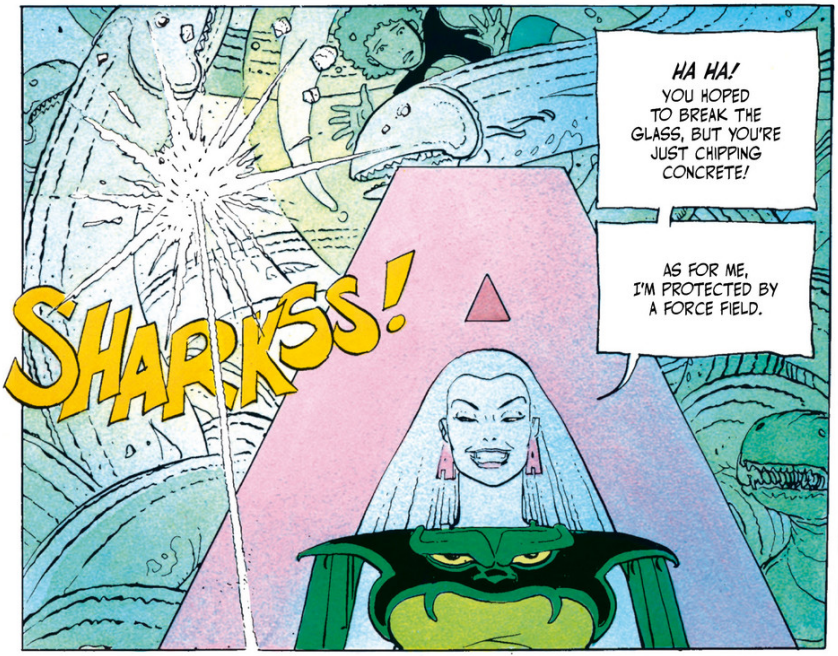

YOU CLAIM TO HAVE MY SON! WHERE IS HE? IS HE STILL...?

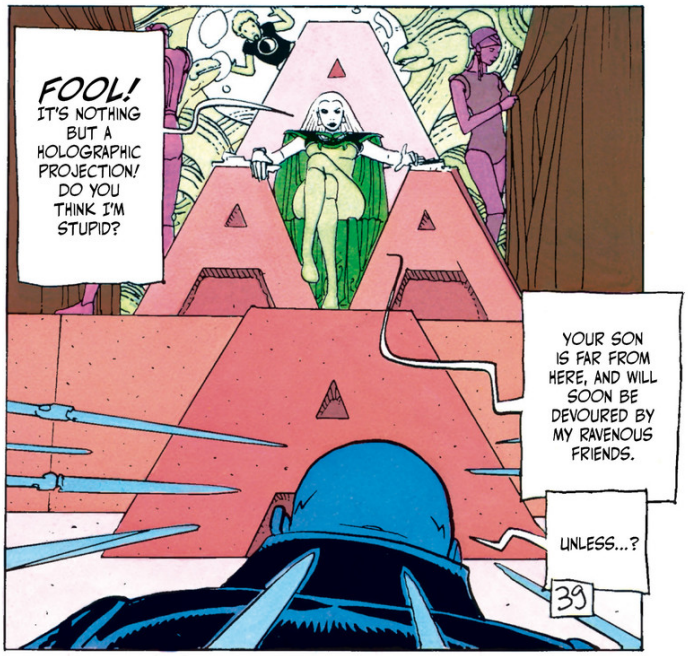
STILL ALIVE? BUT OF COURSE, DEAR METABARON... IF NOT, WHAT POWER WOULD I HAVE OVER YOU?
OPEN THE CURTAIN, AND LET HIM SEE!


FATHER! HELP!
YOU SEE? YOUR BELOVED SON IS AS SAFE AS A BABY IN ITS MOTHER'S WOMB.
OF COURSE, HIS COMPANIONS IN THE AQUARIUM AREN'T EXACTLY FRIENDLY. BUT THEY DO MAKE GOOD GUARDIANS! HA HA HA HA!

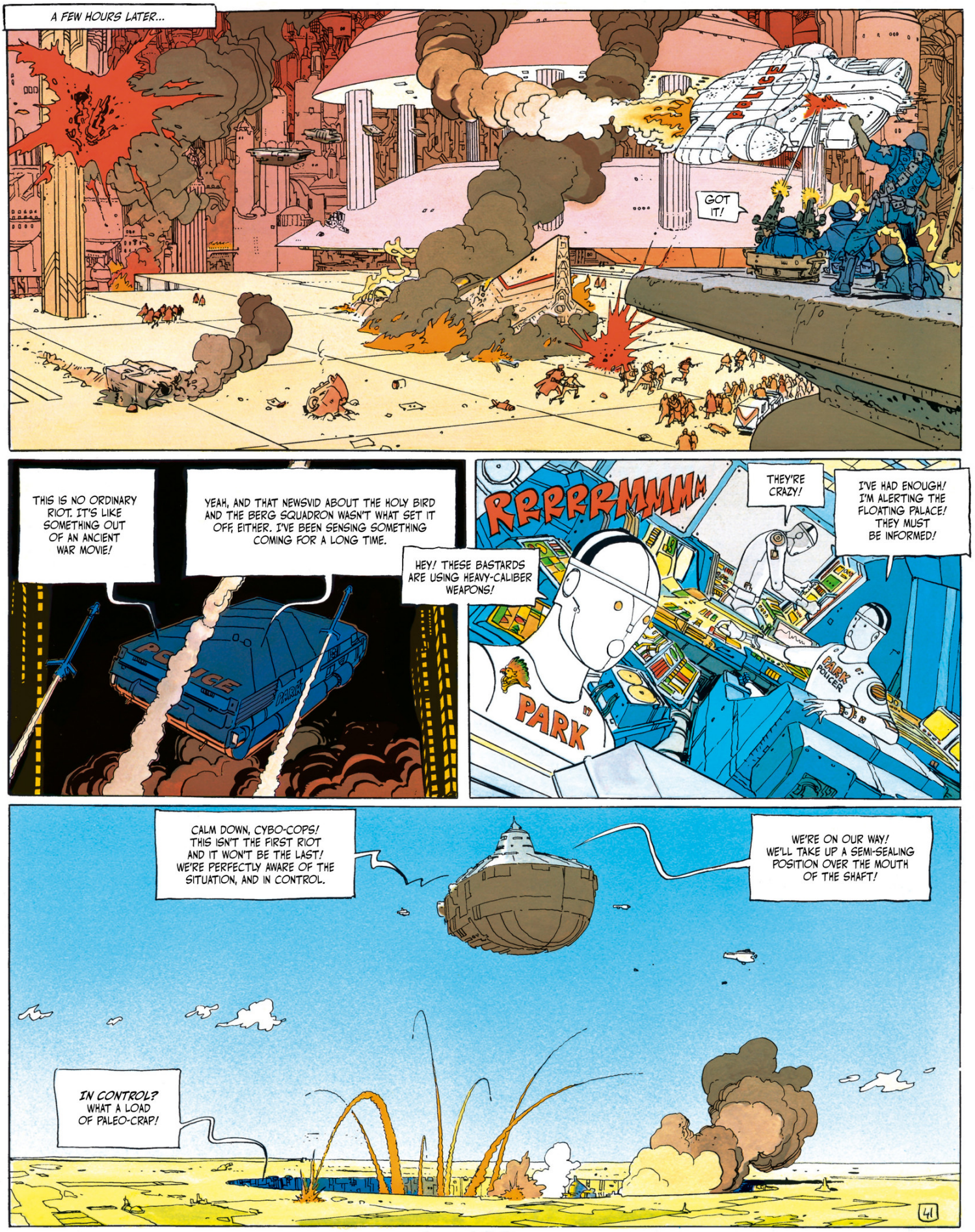

QUICK AS LIGHTNING, THE METABARON ATTACKS THE NEAREST GUARD.
?

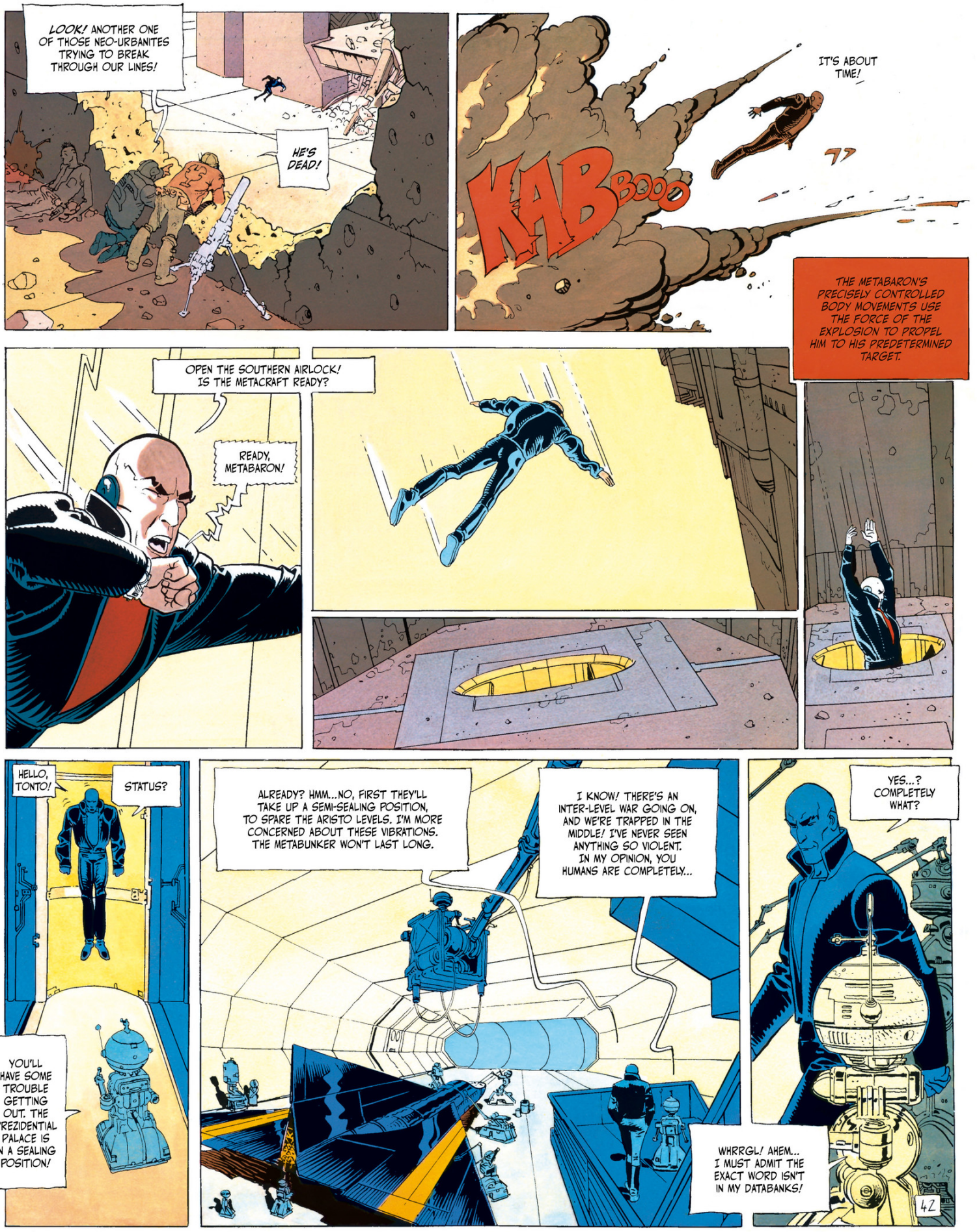

ZZAF

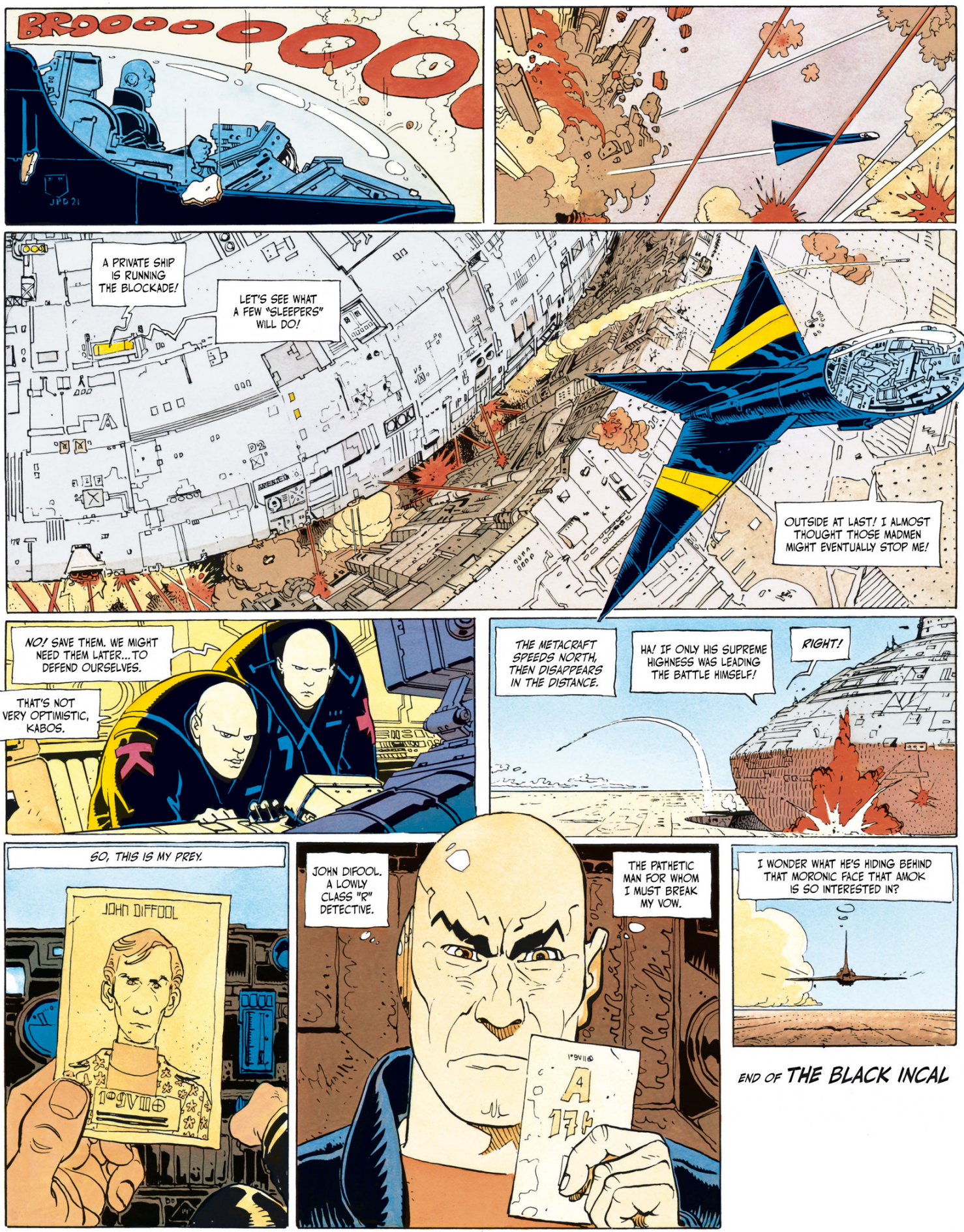

SHARKSS!
HA HA! YOU HOPED TO BREAK THE GLASS, BUT YOU'RE JUST CHIPPING CONCRETE!
AS FOR ME, I'M PROTECTED BY A FORCE FIELD.


FOOL! IT'S NOTHING BUT A HOLOGRAPHIC PROJECTION! DO YOU THINK I'M STUPID?
YOUR SON IS FAR FROM HERE, AND WILL SOON BE DEVOURED BY MY RAVENOUS FRIENDS.
UNLESS...?

WELL?
UNLESS YOU BRING ME JOHN DIFOOL!
THIS IS HIS FILE! I WANT HIM HERE IN 24 HOURS, DEAD OR ALIVE!
WOLFHEAD!
HAND THESE PAPERS TO THE METABARON!
JOHN DIFOOL? HMM... HIS FACE LOOKS FAMILIAR.
AH YES! IT'S THAT TRIVIAL PRIVATE DETECTIVE ALL THE CYBO-COPS ARE SEARCHING FOR. WITH ALL THE RIOTS GOING ON, IT WON'T BE EASY.
THAT'S NOT A PROBLEM. HE'S NOT IN THE CITY AT THE MOMENT.
HE'S UP NORTH. IN THE HEART OF THE TECHNOCITY.
BRING HIM BACK ALIVE! I'VE GOT A SCORE TO SETTLE WITH HIM!
SILENCE, WOLFHEAD!
THE TECHNOCITY. THAT WON'T BE EASY EITHER.
A NEST OF EVIL. NOW I SEE WHY YOU CHOSE TO BLACKMAIL ME.
NO FEE IN THE UNIVERSE WOULD MAKE ME ACCEPT THIS CONTRACT, BUT NOW YOU LEAVE ME NO CHOICE. I ACCEPT! BUT BEWARE! IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO SOLUNE, I'LL DESTROY YOU ALL!
MŒBIUS


A FEW HOURS LATER...
GOT IT!
THIS IS NO ORDINARY RIOT. IT'S LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF AN ANCIENT WAR MOVIE!
YEAH, AND THAT NEWSVID ABOUT THE HOLY BIRD AND THE BERG SQUADRON WASN'T WHAT SET IT OFF, EITHER. I'VE BEEN SENSING SOMETHING COMING FOR A LONG TIME.
HEY! THESE BASTARDS ARE USING HEAVY-CALIBER WEAPONS!
POLICE
PARK
RRRRRMMMM
THEY'RE CRAZY!
I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'M ALERTING THE FLOATING PALACE! THEY MUST BE INFORMED!
PARK
PARK POLICE
CALM DOWN, CYBO-COPS! THIS ISN'T THE FIRST RIOT AND IT WON'T BE THE LAST! WE'RE PERFECTLY AWARE OF THE SITUATION, AND IN CONTROL.
WE'RE ON OUR WAY! WE'LL TAKE UP A SEMI-SEALING POSITION OVER THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT!
IN CONTROL? WHAT A LOAD OF PALEO-CRAP!
41


LOOK! ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE NEO-URBANITES TRYING TO BREAK THROUGH OUR LINES!
HE'S DEAD!
KAB
BOOO
IT'S ABOUT TIME!
THE METABARON'S PRECISELY CONTROLLED BODY MOVEMENTS USE THE FORCE OF THE EXPLOSION TO PROPEL HIM TO HIS PREDETERMINED TARGET.
OPEN THE SOUTHERN AIRLOCK! IS THE METACRAFT READY?
READY, METABARON!
HELLO, TONTO!
STATUS?
YOU'LL HAVE SOME TROUBLE GETTING OUT. THE PREZIDENTIAL PALACE IS IN A SEALING POSITION!
ALREADY? HMM...NO, FIRST THEY'LL TAKE UP A SEMI-SEALING POSITION, TO SPARE THE ARISTO LEVELS. I'M MORE CONCERNED ABOUT THESE VIBRATIONS. THE METABUNKER WON'T LAST LONG.
I KNOW! THERE'S AN INTER-LEVEL WAR GOING ON, AND WE'RE TRAPPED IN THE MIDDLE! I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING SO VIOLENT. IN MY OPINION, YOU HUMANS ARE COMPLETELY...
WHRRGL! AHEM... I MUST ADMIT THE EXACT WORD ISN'T IN MY DATABANKS!
YES...? COMPLETELY WHAT?
42


BROOOOOOO
A PRIVATE SHIP IS RUNNING THE BLOCKADE!
LET'S SEE WHAT A FEW "SLEEPERS" WILL DO!
OUTSIDE AT LAST! I ALMOST THOUGHT THOSE MADMEN MIGHT EVENTUALLY STOP ME!
NO! SAVE THEM. WE MIGHT NEED THEM LATER... TO DEFEND OURSELVES.
THAT'S NOT VERY OPTIMISTIC, KABOS.
THE METACRAFT SPEEDS NORTH, THEN DISAPPEARS IN THE DISTANCE.
HA! IF ONLY HIS SUPREME HIGHNESS WAS LEADING THE BATTLE HIMSELF!
RIGHT!
SO, THIS IS MY PREY.
JOHN DIFFOOL
JOHN DIFOOL. A LOWLY CLASS "R" DETECTIVE.
THE PATHETIC MAN FOR WHOM I MUST BREAK MY VOW.
I WONDER WHAT HE'S HIDING BEHIND THAT MORONIC FACE THAT AMOK IS SO INTERESTED IN?

END OF **THE BLACK INCAL**